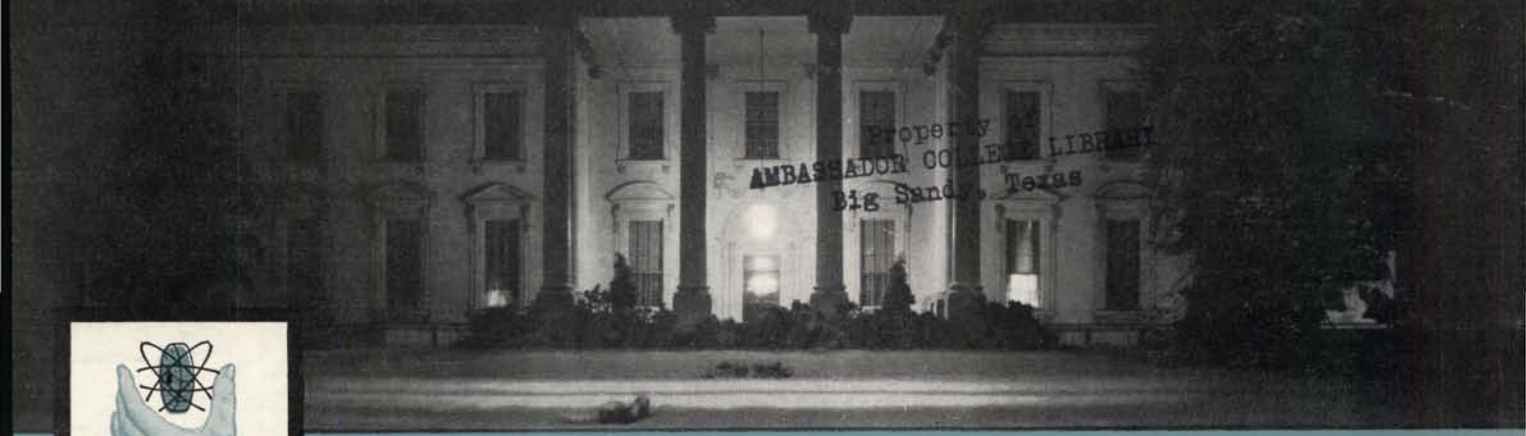
Saturday Review

MAY 5, 1962 / 25¢

THE WHITE HOUSE SUMMONS SCIENCE TO APPLY THE HUMAN EQUATION

BY JOHN LEAR



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SR / RESEARCH
SCIENCE & HUMANITY

NEW HERETICS IN SOVIET WRITING

By Priscilla Johnson

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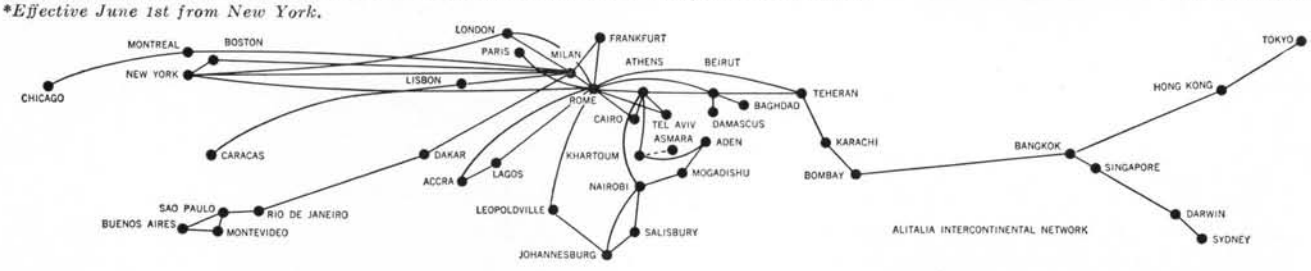

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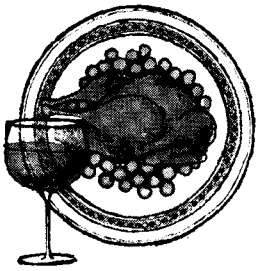
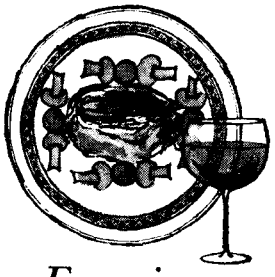
When she takes fowl (petit poulet)



And you want steak (mignon filet)



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Saturday Review

MAY 5, 1962

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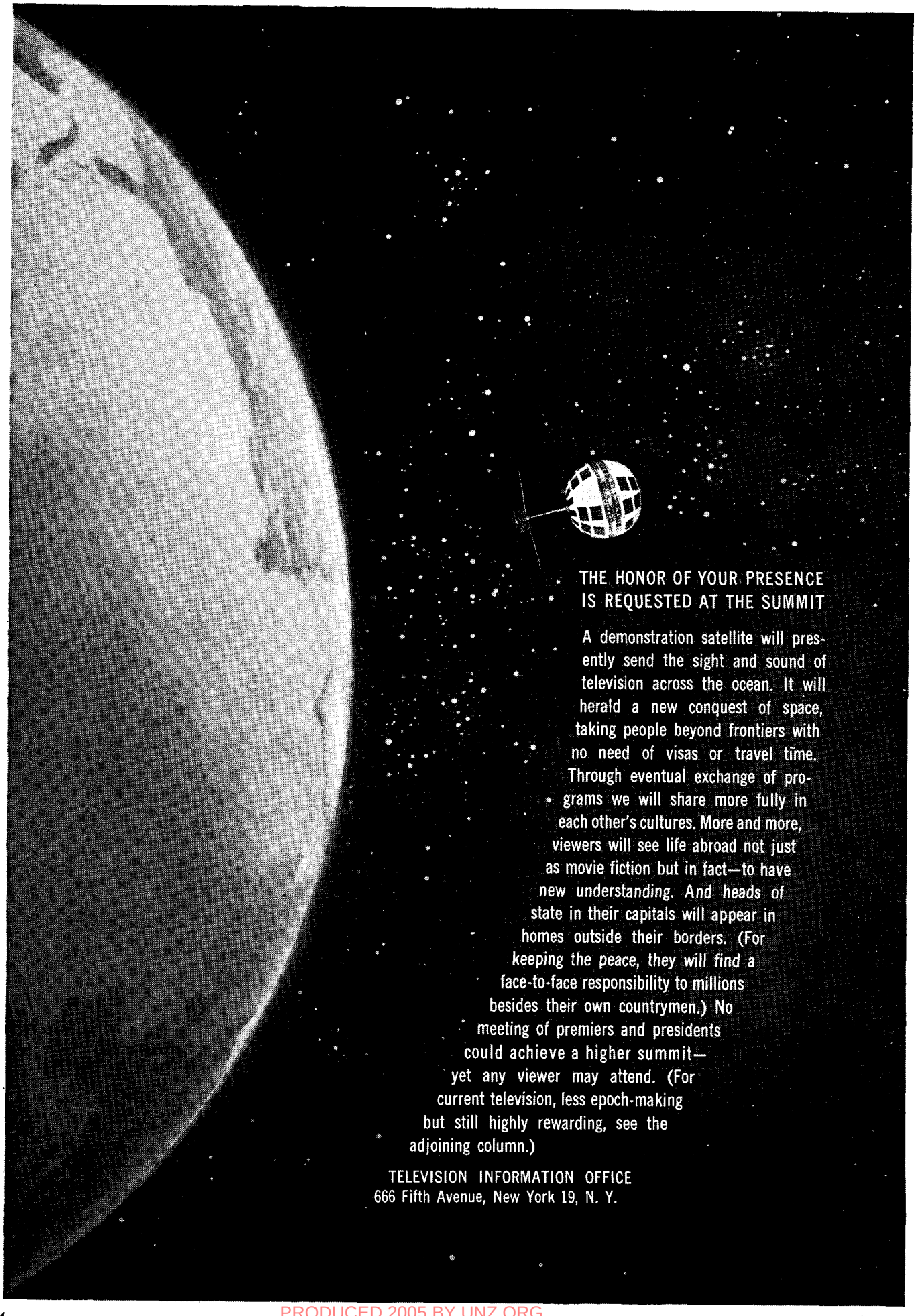

THE HONOR OF YOUR PRESENCE IS REQUESTED AT THE SUMMIT

A demonstration satellite will presently send the sight and sound of television across the ocean. It will herald a new conquest of space, taking people beyond frontiers with no need of visas or travel time. Through eventual exchange of programs we will share more fully in each other's cultures. More and more, viewers will see life abroad not just as movie fiction but in fact—to have new understanding. And heads of state in their capitals will appear in homes outside their borders. (For keeping the peace, they will find a face-to-face responsibility to millions besides their own countrymen.) No meeting of premiers and presidents could achieve a higher summit—yet any viewer may attend. (For current television, less epoch-making but still highly rewarding, see the adjoining column.)

TELEVISION INFORMATION OFFICE
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The Satellite That Talks
Research on communications satellite.
Sunday, May 6 (6-6:30 PM)

Meet the Professor
Bell Wiley on the Civil War soldier.
Sunday, May 6 (2:30-3 PM)

The Unstoppable Gray Fox
Lee J. Cobb in Saroyan's play.
Sunday, May 6 (9-9:30 PM)

Look Up and Live
Excerpts from Camus' *The Plague*.
Sunday, May 13 (10:30-11 AM)

Whitsuntide
Elizabethan music for Pentecost.
Sunday, May 13 (3-3:30 PM)

The Bing Crosby Show
Guests: Bob Hope and Edie Adams.
Monday, May 14 (10-11 PM)

Cry Out in Silence
Celeste Holm portrays an ailing actress.
Tuesday, May 15 (10-10:30 PM)

Mother and Daughter
The troubled adolescent.
Thursday, May 17 (3-4 PM)

White Paper: The Inferno
Report on life in a Sicilian slum.
Friday, May 18 (9:30-10-30 PM)

The Adams Family: An American Dynasty
Tour of the Adams house in Quincy, Mass.
Sunday, May 20 (1-1:30 PM)

The "Emmy" Awards
Tuesday, May 22 (10-11:30 PM)

The Overseas Chinese
Growing influence of Chinese in Singapore.
Tuesday, May 22 (10:30-11 PM)

Breakthrough: Cancer
Progress report on medical research.
Friday, May 25 (9:30-10:30 PM)

Hurricane
The story of Hurricane Carla.
Sunday, May 27 (10-11 PM)

The Fifty Faces of '62
Issues and personalities in '62 elections.
Wednesday, May 30 (10-11 PM)

Regularly Scheduled

Mon.-Fri.	CONTINENTAL CLASSROOM Probability and Statistics American Government COLLEGE OF THE AIR The New Biology
Wednesdays:	HOWARD K. SMITH— NEWS AND COMMENT DAVID BRINKLEY'S JOURNAL
Thursdays:	CBS REPORTS
Fridays:	EYEWITNESS CHET HUNTLEY REPORTING
Saturdays:	CHAMPIONSHIP DEBATE
Sundays:	CAMERA THREE WASHINGTON CONVERSATION ACCENT MEET THE PROFESSOR DIRECTIONS '62 ADLAI STEVENSON REPORTS/ EDITOR'S CHOICE ISSUES AND ANSWERS PATTERNS IN MUSIC UPDATE COLLEGE BOWL THE TWENTIETH CENTURY MEET THE PRESS 1,2,3—GO! THIS IS NBC NEWS WALT DISNEY'S WONDERFUL WORLD OF COLOR

Note: Times (*EDT*), programs, titles, and casts are subject to change. Please consult local listings.

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FIRST OF THE MONTH

By CLEVELAND AMORY

THE BIG ISSUE of the month was whether or not what was good for U.S. Steel was good for the country. It was a long way from the elder J. P. Morgan to the present Roger Blough. ("If he had his way," Morgan once said of Theodore Roosevelt, "we'd all do business with glass pockets.") And it was also a long way from any Roosevelt, Republican or Democrat, to John Fitzgerald Kennedy. ("At least," said comedian Dick Gregory, "he spared them the biggest threat—to have his whole family sell their steel stock.") While we had some reservations about one or two of the President's shillelaghs, we had none whatever with his having had the FBI wake up in the middle of the night three reporters who had attended the Bethlehem Steel stockholders meeting. In fact, we go right along with the President's statement: "Reporters have called up a good many people in the middle of the night themselves." Indeed, we chose as our quotation of the month the President's statement on receiving the news that Newton Minow had won television's Peabody Award. "I'm glad," he said, "one of our boys made it."

• • •

Our least favorite quote of the month came from New Orleans's Mrs. Bernard J. Gaillot, the dedicated racist who was excommunicated by Archbishop Joseph Rummel for crusading against his order to integrate parochial schools. "When my son was going to get married," she said, "the first question I wanted to ask the girl was—did she and her family believe in segregation? Thank goodness they did!" Now, we suppose, Mrs. Gaillot will have to thank somebody else.

• • •

Elsewhere on the pride and prejudice front was the appearance on the book scene of "Some of My Best Friends . . ." by Benjamin R. Epstein and Arnold Forster. The book handles excitingly and impressively virtually all areas of Jewish prejudice—so many, in fact, that the authors don't get around to defining their title until the next to last page of the book:

> Thus, to use the cliché "Some of my best friends are Jews" is to miss the point entirely. To make matters worse, it frequently serves only to embarrass the listener—especially if the listener happens to be Jewish. The significant fact is that many Jews privately use the remark, "Some of *his* best friends are Jews," to convey their belief that the person in question *is* an anti-Semite. When Jews are thought of as friends, like all other people they appreciate it, but when they are thought of as "Jewish friends," they know better.

• • •

Liz Taylor, volleyed by the Vatican and thundered by *Life*—the latter in the most incredible coverage imaginable—had a rough month. "I don't think I'm going to marry Richard Burton," she finally announced in what was, if not the understatement of the month, at least the month's afterstatement. Meanwhile, *Life*'s cover of Burton in his armor and Liz in her cleavage revealed one anachronism that we hope will be caught before the picture comes out. Burton is smoking. Not only that, but he also appears to be smoking more these days and enjoying it less.

• • •

The inside story of "Cleopatra" is almost as remarkable as its outside story. For the real stumbling block of the whole thing so far is neither the story of Liz's illness nor Richard Burton. It is, on the other hand, the story of too much money and power and too little of a lot of other things, including both foresight and hindsight, in the possession of the film's director Joseph L. Mankiewicz.

• • •

That dynamo of dynamos, the amazing Fleur Cowles—she writes all week and paints on weekends and is now London's Mrs. T. Montague Meyer—turned up in New York at the Hammer Galleries with an exhibit of her paintings, one of which was not only a sellout from the point of view of the pictures, but which evoked words like "masterpiece." We asked Fleur if we would be right in calling her a surrealist. "Yes and no," she replied. "I hope I am a true surrealist—not the kind who dredges up his ugly dreams as an excuse to psychoanalyze himself on canvas. I've spent my life making a record of beautiful mental images."

• • •

Another visitor was that ancient and honorable silent satirist, Harold Lloyd,

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who hit New York from Hollywood on his way to the Cannes Film Festival to show "out of competition" his film "Harold Lloyd's World of Comedy." An extraordinary man, he has not only kept the ownership of his own pictures but also his original wife. He is also known for his community service and, if the Hollywood gossip columnists depended on him, they would have long since starved to death. How, we asked, did he do it? "Mostly," he replied, "by luck."

• • •

Our nomination for oblivion this month is England's Lord Beaverbrook, who last month produced a book which he described as "the story of Jesus as it appears to worldly men of my generation." We suppose every age has to have one—we recall Bruce Barton's "The Man Nobody Knows," which made Christ into what seemed to some people the greatest advertising man of all time. Now along comes Beaverbrook to make Jesus into what he calls "the greatest propagandist of all time." Sort of, don't you know, an early edition of Lord B.

• • •

And finally, at the "Musical Biography" in memory of the late Oscar Hammerstein II, Howard Lindsay read a letter from Hammerstein in reply to a letter from a fan asking him what was the saddest word in the English language. "The saddest word in the English language," Hammerstein wrote, is 'But.' "

Poet's Poem

By Josephine Jacobsen

HE thought they were gone:
claw, horn, wing.
Not even a stir in the tree-
top monkey-swing.

An experienced hunter,
he knew quite well one starved thus.
But not the reason: thirst's moonlit
exodus?

He had on his blinders
and instead of his rifle, a sling—
(from day to day one never
knew about this part of the thing—)

when he saw the motion.
It would ripple and pass
untouched. Gazelle? Lion?
But there was game in the grass.

TRADE Winds

THIS IS AN absolutely true story. It concerns a girl who married one of those fellows who can't seem to make a go of anything, always jumping from one job to another, and getting marvelous ideas in between that never work out. Her friends pity her endlessly, and are always giving her advice such as "go to work yourself," or "walk out on him." You know. And she is forever de-

fending her husband. Just the other day a former sorority sister dropped in from out of town for a visit.

"Well," said the wife happily, "Dick's finally settled down."

"Wonderful!" gushed her friend. "What's he doing?"

"Digging for gold."

PROBABLY THE MOST fascinating experience I'd had in a long time has been my correspondence with my pen pal in Russia. He is a person whose interests and background are as similar to mine as could be expected in such a case. That is, he has daughters, lives near a city, enjoys reading and writing, has a sense of humor, is about my age, and is a war veteran. It has been absolutely amazing to me that we could have found so much in common, so much to write about that would interest each other.

The serious purpose, of course, is seldom mentioned, and that is to build in this small way, some lines of understanding between our countries.

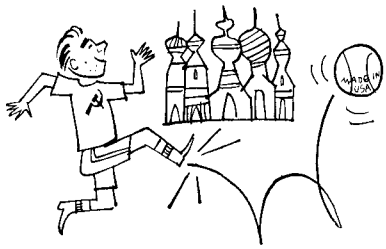
I obtained the name and address of this Russian through a marvelous organization called Arms of Friendship. It's simply a quiet, idealistic, practical group that believes in affording the sad sacks of the country a chance to do something about reducing tensions and pushing peace. Only a couple of years in operation, Arms of Friendship has a four-point program to do this: write a Russian, send a gift, go to the USSR, offer hospitality to tourists from there. So far it has been confined to ex-servicemen and their families in the two countries.

C. Grant Pendill, Jr., the secretary, speaks Russian fluently, as does his three-year-old daughter. He acts as a guide when Russian war veterans come to this country as tourists, which they have, in case you didn't know it. He also provides a service which not only finds a Russian for you to correspond with, but will translate your letter for you, so you can mail it to your correspondent in his or her language.

IF THERE IS any doubt about the effectiveness of the letter-writing campaign, it is dispelled when one hears of the response from the recipients. Some letters are not answered, and Pendill chooses to believe that just proves Russians can have bad habits, too.

But the majority of connections work out. Veterans, wives of veterans, and even some children find much to tell each other in letters. This often leads to the desire to send something. Two farmers have exchanged seeds across half the world. An American discovered his Russian counterpart loved fishing; he sent him a spinning reel and nylon line. Another fellow sent a soccer ball to the son of his correspondent, who wrote back: "Your American soccer ball has been kicked all over Moscow."

Writing these letters and receiving answers builds up an overpowering de-



sire to meet your friend. That, I suppose, is one ultimate goal of Arms of Friendship. This has happened in at least two cases, when Americans went to Russia. In one, the meeting was a joyous one. In the other, the American wanted to know why his Russian friend had stopped writing. He traced the fellow from his old address to a new one, where he learned the man had been transferred to a collective farm and made the boss. When they met, the Russian apologized for not writing, saying, "I've been too busy." Later he did follow up with a letter.

A touching case of writers who want to meet involves the wives of two disabled veterans. During the correspondence, the husband of the Russian woman died. The American wife was

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terribly upset. Their letters then ranged through tones of helplessness, sympathy, bitterness, comfort, and love. These two ladies desperately want to meet, and I think they will. To them the last war is still vividly alive. How could they talk about the next one?

If you are interested in this program, write to: Arms of Friendship, Inc., 4150 Henry Avenue, Philadelphia 44. They will send you all the information.

THE POST OFFICE in South Norwalk, Connecticut, has at least four red, white, and blue signs surrounding it which read: U.S. PROPERTY—NO ADMITTANCE. For some reason I am not able to articulate, this disturbs me, as does the announcement that "Doubleday has been licensed by CBS films to publish a book based on 'A Tour of the White House with Mrs. John F. Kennedy.'" Ten dollars, the price. And the Text-Film Division of McGraw-Hill has been authorized to distribute films of the tour to the 16mm market.

Surely the book and film should be available free of charge to taxpayers. As for the inside of the federal building in South Norwalk, I guess I'll just wait to see it on television.

YES, HEAVY-SET, genial Mortimer Chance is back with his reports on the past and predictions of the future. His latest is that he met a family of refugees who did not escape from behind the Iron Curtain. They merely came here. As an indication of "Fat" Chance's reliability, I remind you that he declares he has never jiggled a mailbox after dropping a letter in. He swears he saw a theatre review without the words "sensitive portrayal" and a book review not using the adjective "perceptive." And in New York recently, he says, he drove from one end of Manhattan to the other during the morning rush hour without hitting a single red light or once having to slam on his brakes for a taxicab.

At his ad agency, "Fat" Chance is basing a television campaign on what he calls "the wonderful world of black and white." Sportswise, he has bet a lot of money that Casey Stengel and the New York Mets will win the National League pennant and then beat the Yankees in the World Series.

SHARPS AND FLATS: Ann Jones got cured of cheating when she was being educated in a one-room schoolhouse in Kentucky some years ago. A quiz asked her to tell about Benedict Arnold. She whispered to her seatmate and got a tip. Then she wrote her answer. It was all about "Benedict Arnold, the trader."

►Latest sick joke: two kids talking at school. One asks the other, "What are you gonna be when you blow up?"

►Latest sickening joke: Edward Teller, Father of the H-bomb, testifying seriously to Congress that "we must control the moon for our own safety."

►Bea Hayes says that I should have mentioned James Thurber's rejoinder to a cliché greeting:

Q. How's your wife?

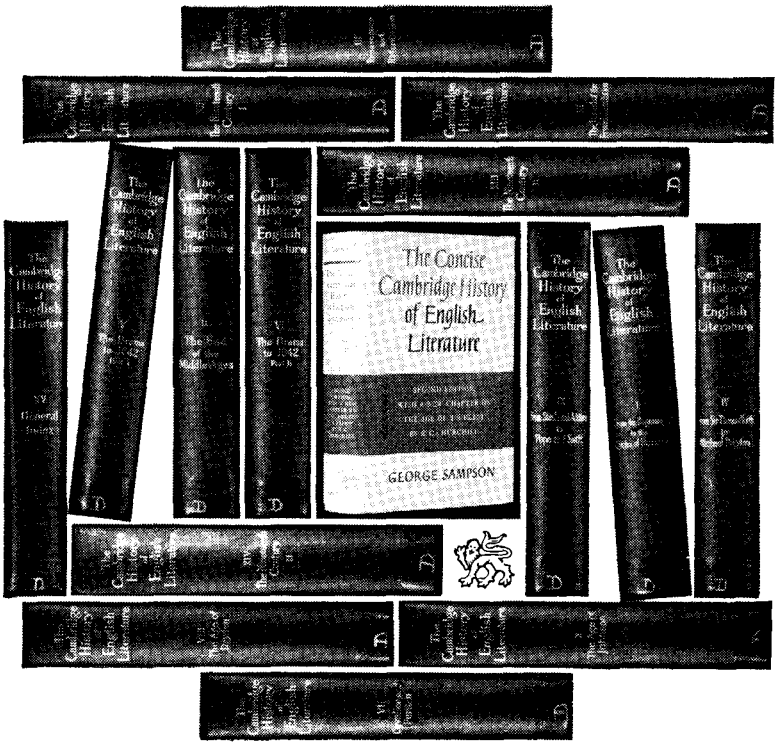
A. Compared to what?

—JEROME BEATTY, JR.

SOLUTION OF LAST WEEK'S KINGSLEY DOUBLE-CROSTIC (No. 1465)

(VIRGILIA) PETERSON:
(A) MATTER OF LIFE AND DEATH

I try to keep house in my memory, to decide, since presumably I am its only housekeeper, what should be folded away on its shelves and what thrown out as untidy, useless, or potentially harmful, but my memory has a will of its own and goes on, in definance of command.



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NEW HERETICS IN SOVIET WRITING

By Priscilla Johnson

EVER SINCE the Twenty-Second Congress of the Soviet Communist Party ended last October, the atmosphere inside the world Communist movement has been heavy with charges and countercharges of treason to the true Marxian faith. Busily, spokesmen for the Russian Communist Party have been hurling accusations of "Stalinism" and "dogmatism" at the leaders of tiny Albania. And the Albanians, accompanied in a lower key by their Chinese Communist allies, have charged Nikita Khrushchev with using his position as First Secretary of the Soviet Communist Party "to pave the way to a revisionist, anti-Marxist policy."

If, in the language of the warring chieftains, "revisionism" spells a less rigid interpretation of Communist ideology than that which prevailed under Stalin and a somewhat larger measure of intellectual freedom than has existed so far under Khrushchev, then a series of events inside the Soviet Union during the past few months lends—from a Western point of view—encouraging support to the charges leveled by Albania.

In a speech at the Party Congress last fall that was resonant of inner integrity and freedom, Alexander Tvardovsky, editor of the influential literary journal *Novy Mir*, set forth what could become a radical new credo of literature and the arts under Communism. And in an article published in a Communist Party newspaper in November, Professor Alexander D. Alexandrov, an esteemed mathematician who is also the Rector of Leningrad University, delivered a serious and sweeping criticism of the entire Soviet system of higher education. Since a major purpose of the "de-Stalinization" drive that is now under way inside Russia is to unlock the energies and talents of the Soviet people, it is scarcely a surprise that both of these pleas for a liberalization of Soviet life come from men of courage and high standing in the professions most intimately concerned with the creative capacities of the individual: education and the arts. And, since the arguments they utter go to the very core of Communist control over the minds of men, their proclamations and the events which have been the sequel so far may already have set off echoes that will be reverberating inside the Soviet Union for years to come.

"A student is not a vessel to be filled but a lamp to be lighted." These words from Professor Alexandrov's article in *Komsomolskaya Pravda*, newspaper of the Young Communist League, on November 22, may seem uncontroversial to a Westerner. In Soviet Russia, however, they are a summons to reappraisal of a university system which, as Alexandrov deprecatingly pointed out, rewards "knowledge over ability," memorizing by rote over critical thinking, routine attendance at lectures over solitary research in the laboratory. By emphasizing again and again that the purpose of education is to "develop the creative worker," Alexandrov struck a blow at nearly all of Soviet higher education, which stands as a monument to the official apprehension as to where independent thinking by the lone scholar may lead.

Arguing for the relevance of inspiration as well as discipline, Alexandrov aimed an additional blow, this time at the authoritarianism and rank-consciousness which are such an important obstacle to the development of critical and independent minds in the Soviet Union. Far "closer contact" between professors and students ought to be fostered, he insisted. To promote such contact he urged that faculty members be given lighter teaching loads and —an infinitely more radical suggestion—

Priscilla Johnson, who is currently with the Russian Research Center at Harvard University, is a former North American Newspaper Alliance correspondent in Moscow and at the United Nations in New York. She is now at work on a book concerned with Soviet affairs.

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Alexander D. Alexandrov | Alexander Tvardovsky | Evghenny Evtushenko

—*Sovfoto*

encouraged to invite students to their homes.

Finally, Alexandrov let fly some stinging criticisms at the Soviet Ministry of Higher Education for a short-sighted scholarship policy which favors the student who scores top grades in all subjects while penalizing the more erratic student who may have shown markedly more creative ability. And he attacked the Young Communist League, in whose newspaper his article appeared, for a philistine attitude which he charged, discourages in the student "a serious working interest in science."

In view of the fact that Alexandrov's article assaulted authoritarianism and the carefully controlled mind, two of the premises on which Soviet education is based, and at least three deeply entrenched institutions—the university, the Ministry of Higher Education, and the Young Communist League—a volley of answering ripostes in the press could easily have been expected, and possibly an official rebuke as well. Nothing of the kind has happened, however. Of the many comments printed in the Soviet press, nearly all have been favorable. On January 3 *Izvestia*, the official government newspaper, printed a long letter by the Nobel Prize-winning physicist Igor Tamm echoing many of Alexandrov's complaints and revealing obvious anxiety at the failure of the existing educational system to turn out creative young scientists capable of replacing the aging ones—many of them trained before 1917—who are responsible for Russia's scientific successes in space. And in recent weeks other distinguished scientists have joined the chorus of voices demanding far-reaching changes in Soviet higher education, among them the aircraft designer Oleg Antonov, the world-famous physicist Nikolai Semyonov, and the former president of the Academy of Sciences, Alexander Nesmeyanov.

As editor of one of the major Soviet literary monthlies and a poet who has recently been awarded the Lenin Prize, Alexander Tvardovsky's position in the field of literature is comparable in several respects to that of Professor Alexandrov in education. But because of the exceedingly complex literary situation that has been evolving for the past few years out of the continuing tug of war between the Khrushchev regime and the writers, the potential repercussions of Tvardovsky's bold and free-thinking speech at the Party Congress last fall are even more baffling to gauge. As a reflection of how far the erosion of Stalinist ideas already has gone in literature, however, Tvardovsky's outspokenness is one of the most fascinating phenomena of the recent remarkable months inside Russia. (A speech criticizing young Soviet poets which Tvardovsky delivered in February, apparently under heavy political pressure, has not detracted from his powerful statement at the Party Congress.)

By proclaiming that the duty of a writer is not to "uplift" or propagandize the people but to tell them "the full truth about life," and making his statement from the highest forum of the Soviet Communist Party, Tvardovsky was calling upon artists and writers to play a role that has been considered a heresy in the Soviet Union for more than three decades. Contemptuous of the Pollyanna quality of much of Soviet poetry and prose, Tvardovsky chided the writers for being overcautious and failing to take advantage of the relative relaxation of controls in the past five years to write more boldly. He urged them to tell their readers about reality as it is and not merely as it is supposed to be "on holidays and red-letter days." Finally, taking a strong stand in a controversy that still is going on high in the Communist Party itself, Tvardovsky concluded that there is no way to improve literature but to banish the remaining traces of "Stalinism" from Soviet life.

To banish these traces, in fact, and to minimize their harmful effects on literature is one of the principal goals

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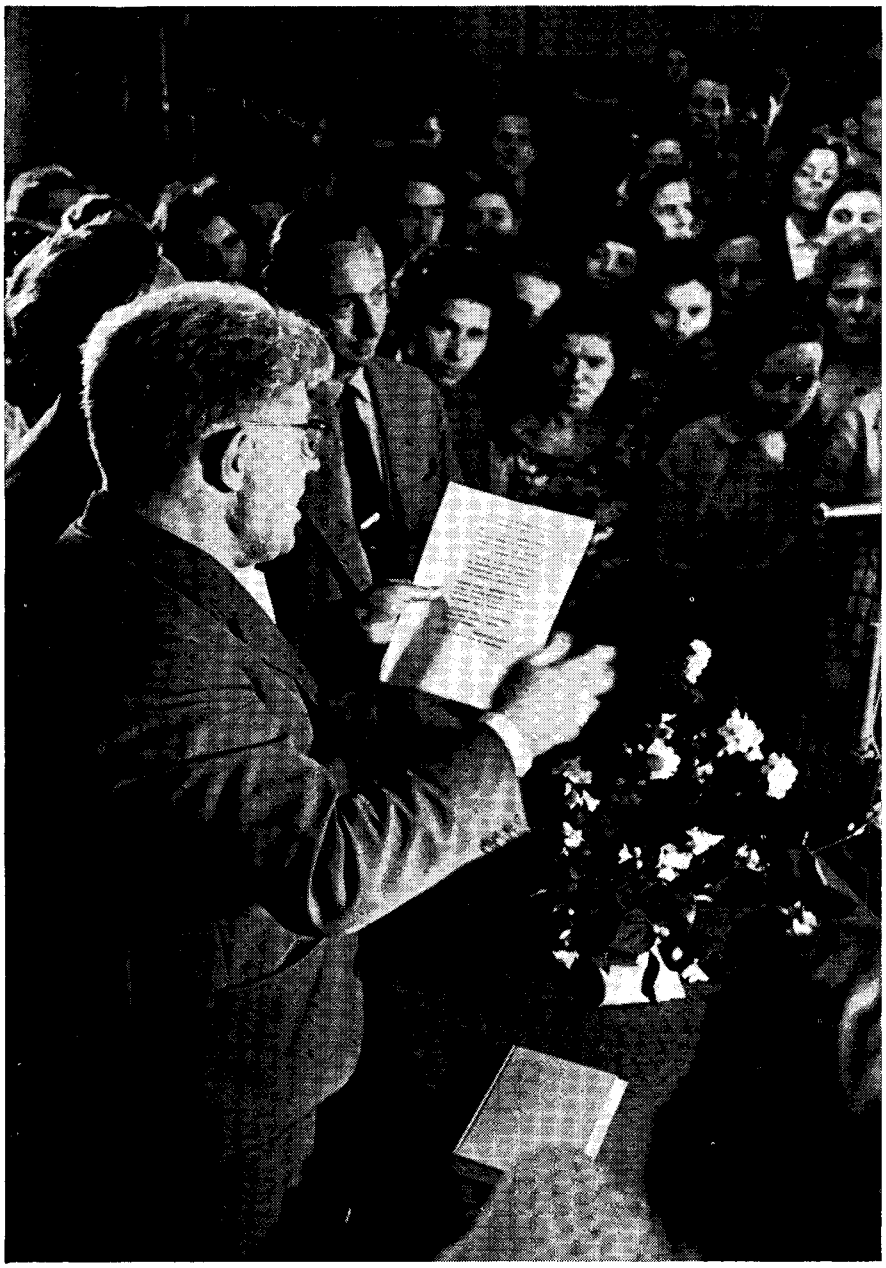
of Tvardovsky and the other "liberals" who are active in Soviet letters. Increasingly over the past few years they have revived the time-honored Russian custom of "patronage," whereby secure and respected writers will intervene personally with highly placed Communist Party officials to protect younger or less established authors who have fallen into political disfavor. They have urged the regime to follow a more easygoing policy, particularly toward the younger writers: to allow them to expand their horizons and travel in the West, and to see to it that younger, more energetic voices are heard at the staff meetings of Soviet literary periodicals and on the bureaucracy-bound boards of the writers' organizations. And, as editor-in-chief of *Novy Mir*, Tvardovsky himself has repeatedly taken the risk in recent years of publishing novels and short stories that go far beyond the official line in demanding thorough reform of Soviet life.

The bold advice which Tvardovsky set forth at the Party Congress and which the "liberals" have been advocating since soon after Stalin died in 1953 is the object of bitter and continuing assault by the "conservatives," whose counsels remain powerful in Soviet literary circles. Unlike the "liberals," who insist that the remains of "Stalinism" must be wiped out if great literature and art are to be produced, the "conservatives," such as the maverick novelist Vsevolod Kochetov and the former head of the Writers' Union, Alexei Surkov, believe that "de-Stalinization" already has proceeded far enough, if not too far, and that stern controls must now be applied if a rash of dangerous experiment is not to break out in all the arts.



—*Sovfoto*

Alexei Surkov (reading a poem to factory workers)—Advocates stern controls to prevent "dangerous" artistic experiments.

Torn in this debate between "liberals" and "conservatives" and apparently unable to make a clear choice between them, the political higher-ups in the Communist Party have allowed an extraordinary situation to develop over the past few years, a situation that has been called that of the "two camps" in Soviet literature. The monolithic Truth that used to prevail in Stalin's time, with the writers vying with each other to affirm it, now has crumbled away. Instead, the "liberals" today appear to have a majority on the editorial boards of three literary monthlies, *Novy Mir*, *Yunost* (*Youth*), and *Znamya*, as well as the newspaper *Literary Gazette*. The "conservatives," in turn, ride herd over three other main journals, *Neva*, *Oktyabr*, and *Zvezda*, and the newspaper *Literature and Life*. Thus ensconsed in their editorial fastnesses, the "two camps" hurl charges back and forth, each accusing the other of perverting the principles upon which literature in a Communist society should be based. (In an effort to soften, but not silence, the most strident voices on both sides, the chief editors of *Yunost* and *Literature and Life* were fired this winter.)

A similar division prevails in the writers' organizations as well, with the "liberals" firmly entrenched in the Moscow branch of the USSR Union of Writers and the "conservatives" still dominating another body, the Writers' Union of the Russian Republic.

Even when it comes to the functions they perform, the tastes of "liberals" and "conservatives" differ. The "liberals," for example, appear to have less zeal for bureaucratic assignments, preferring to devote full time to the business of writing. The "conservatives," on the other hand, have a clear edge when it comes to bureaucracy. To cite a case in point, at a plenary meeting of the Union of Soviet Writers held at the end of December—a bureaucratic gathering if ever there was one—twenty-four speakers were listed. Of these, the only writer of major importance was Konstantin Fedin, who as First Secretary of the Union of Soviet Writers was obliged to put in a perfunctory appearance. The rest of the speakers were authors of the second or third rank, most of them active in bureaucratic organizations of the writers, and many, although not all, members of the "conservative" camp.

Finally, when it comes to offices

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high in the Soviet Communist Party, the "conservatives" are clearly in the lead. Of six writers who were elected to high posts by the recent Twenty-Second Congress, for example, four may be classed as belonging to the "conservative" camp. A fifth, the maverick novelist Mikhail Sholokhov, is likely to speak up for the "conservative" most of the time. Only a single "liberal" was elected: Alexander Tvardovsky, who was chosen an alternate member of the ruling Communist Party Central Committee.

IN spite of the fact that "conservatives" now occupy four of the six high Party posts held by Soviet writers, the regime appears at the moment to be taking the advice of the "liberals" on literary affairs. Since the Communist Party Congress adjourned last October, this has been particularly apparent in the regime's lenient handling of its two leading "problem children" among the younger generation: the prose author Vasily Aksyonov and the poet Evghenny Evtushenko, both of whom are under fire from "conservatives" in literature and high in the Party itself for work they have recently published. For their sins—Aksyonov's, the irreverent and experimental "Ticket to the Stars," is a story about some footloose juveniles who fall midway between the Boy Scout and the Beat; Evtushenko's is the poem *Baby Yar*, a cry of protest against Soviet anti-Semitism—both writers were reprimanded last fall by the head of the Komsomol, or Young Communist League. Far from being silenced or disgraced, however, Aksyonov was sent to the Soviet Far East a few months ago on a responsible assignment by *Izvestia*. As for the unrepentant Evtushenko, the regime took the unusual step of allowing him to go abroad again even after the publication of *Baby Yar*. He now has returned to Moscow in triumph, having been arrested enroute home in, of all places, Salazar's Portugal. As a sign that he is scarcely in disgrace, a poem by Evtushenko was featured in the Communist Party newspaper *Pravda* on the occasion of New Year's Day. Moreover, despite *Baby Yar*, he was permitted to keep the high Komsomol post—that of First Secretary—which he occupies in the Union of Soviet Writers.

This extraordinarily gentle treatment of two erring authors, which would have been unthinkable only a year ago, is evidence that the counsel of "liberals," like Tvardovsky, now carries a weight inside the Soviet regime that cannot be ignored. In April their views gained added recognition when eight young writers, including the poets Evtushenko, Andrei Voznesensky, Boris Slutsky, and Robert Rozhdestvensky, were elected to major posts in the Moscow branch of the Russian Republic writers' organization. One need not seek far to explain the new importance of the "liberals." The split between "liberals" and "conservatives," which has been coming more and more into the open in literature, exists at the very summit at the Soviet Communist Party as well. There, the question is not how far "de-Stalinization," with its soul-searing excision of the past, is to go in the realm of Soviet letters alone, but how far, and how fast, "de-Stalinization" is to proceed throughout all of Soviet life.

Not only in the special field of literature, but among the leaders of the Communist Party, voices are being raised which maintain that "de-Stalinization" has gone far enough and that controls must now be applied before discipline breaks down and a chaos of questioning begins. High in the Party, as in literature and education, there also are "liberal" voices, which insist that "de-Stalinization" must be carried to a finish if the specter of the past is to be exorcised forever and the talents of the Soviet people truly set free. For the moment, the pulling and hauling between "liberals" and "conservatives" in the Party continues, with the Khrushchev regime holding an uneasy balance somewhere in between. In the confusion that ensues, pronouncements like those of Tvardovsky and Alexandrov that would have had a dissonant ring only a few years, or even months, ago, can now be heard above the din and there is no longer any ultimate authority to refute them. It is possible, that one side or the other, "liberal" or "conservative," may establish its ascendancy. So long as there is no clear-cut victory for either wing, however, the "liberal" gains will continue by attrition. For the continuing attacks on the legacy of Josef Stalin already have done much to erode away the firm, authoritarian Truth upon which the position of the "conservatives" is founded.

From "Baby Yar"

(The following is a portion of Evtushenko's celebrated poem about Soviet anti-Semitism.)

No memorials at Baby Yar.
There is the steep fluff, like a crude headstone.
I am filled with dread.
I am as old today,
As the Jewish people itself.
I imagine that I am now
an Israelite.
Here I am, plodding my
way through ancient Egypt.
And here I am crucified,
breathing my last,
and to this day I bear the
traces of the nails.
I imagine that I am
Dreyfus,
Philistinism
my accuser and my judge.
I am behind bars,
Trapped in a ring,
Worn out with persecution, spat upon,
traduced.
And fine ladies with
flounces of Brussels lace,
shrieking, poke their
parasols at my face.
I imagine
I am a boy in Bialystok.
The tavern-bar leaders are roistering and smell of vodka and onions.
Spent sprawling with a
boot, powerless,
I entreat the pogromists
in vain.
To roars of laughter:
"Kill the kikes, save Russia!"
Oh, Russian people mine!
I know
that you
are at heart internationalist.
But often those whose hands were unclean brandished your purest of names.
I know the goodness of my land.
How vile
that anti-Semites should
have had the gall,
to dub themselves bombastically
"The Union of the Russian People!"
I imagine
that I am Anne Frank,
diaphanous
as a twig in April.
There is a rustling of wild grass over Baby Yar.
Everything here screams in silence
and, baring my head,
I feel myself
slowly turning gray.
And I myself, am like a continuous soundless scream
over the thousands of thousands of the dead buried here.
I
am every old man
who was shot here.
I
am every child
who was shot here.
No part of me
will ever forget this!
Let the "Internationale"
thunder forth
when the last anti-Semite
has been buried for good.
There is no Jewish blood in mine.
But all anti-Semites hate me with hardened venom—
I am as hateful to them as a Jew.
And that makes me a real Russian!

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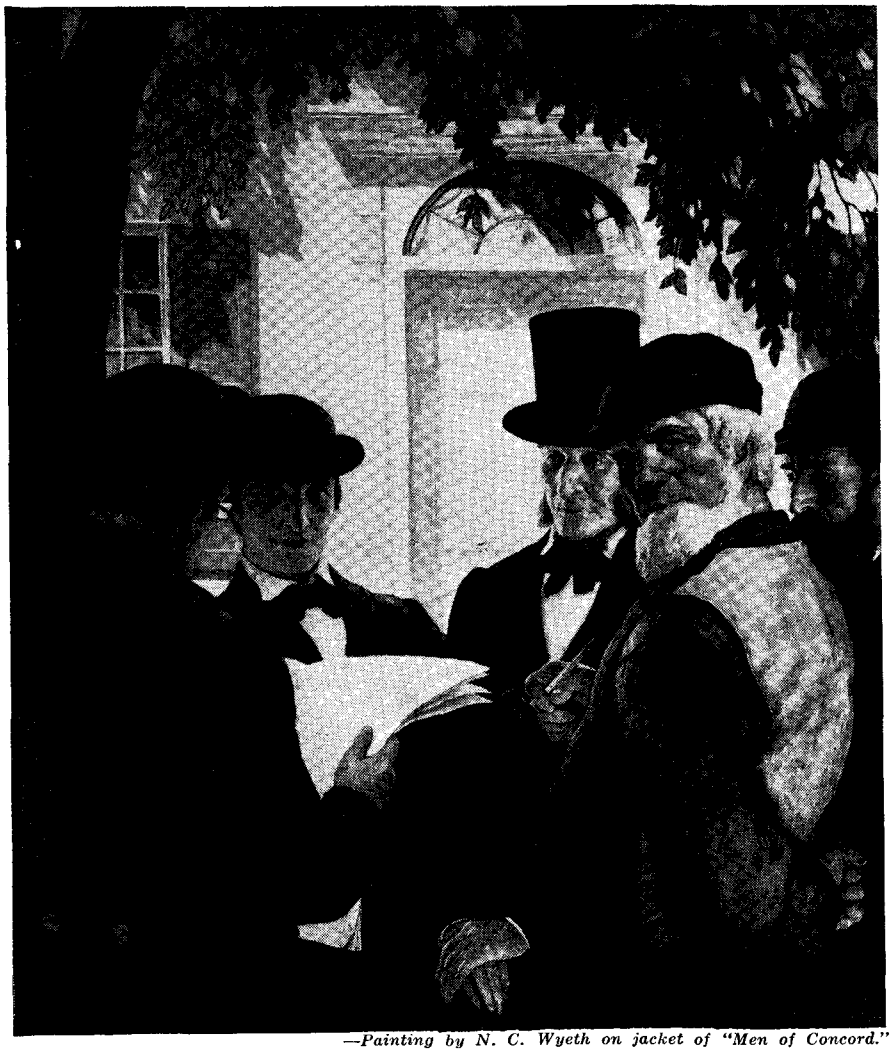
A MAN OF FEW AFFAIRS

A Centenary Appreciation of Henry David Thoreau

By LEWIS LEARY

Professor of English at Columbia University, and president of the Thoreau Society of America.



—Painting by N. C. Wyeth on jacket of "Men of Concord."

Thoreau (second from left) and Emerson (wearing top hat) with Concord townspeople.

"THIS country knows not yet, or in the least part, how great a son it has lost. . . . His soul was made for the noblest society; . . . wherever there is knowledge, wherever there is virtue, wherever there is beauty, he will find a home."

The people who were gathered 100 years ago in the parish church at Concord heard these words from Ralph Waldo Emerson as he spoke of his neighbor Henry David Thoreau, who had died three days before, on May 6, 1862, and who would be buried that afternoon in Sleepy Hollow Cemetery on the outskirts of the village. Ellery Channing recited an ode "To Henry." Bronson Alcott read a poem in which the deceased had written of himself as "a bundle of vain strivings tied by a chance bond together."

Eight years earlier, Thoreau had published a book which most reviewers agreed was "more curious than useful." It told of his residence in solitude beside Walden Pond, a mode of living which he presumed to be better than the "mean and sneaking lives" many other people lived. Five years before that, he had allowed publication of an essay on "Resistance to Civil Government," which recommended disobedience as a duty, and boasted of his own arrest for failure to obey an ordinance of which he did not approve.

Since then, during the eight years before his death at the age of forty-four, Thoreau had published little—articles about a visit to Cape Cod in *Putnam's Magazine*, about a walking trip to Maine in the *Atlantic Monthly;* a double-edged piece which discovered as much "Slavery in Massachusetts" as anywhere else in the Union; and an ecological monograph on "The Succession of Forest Trees." He had spoken courageously in defense of John Brown, and had some surreptitious adventures as a worker on the underground railroad. But mostly he seemed to do nothing, except help sometimes in his father's pencil-making business and do an occasional job of surveying for neighboring farmers. Much of his time was spent sauntering about the countryside, walking over other people's property, scribbling notes in a battered book about what he saw. When he traveled beyond Concord, he carried an umbrella and a brown-paper parcel, and wore outrageously old clothes.

As self-appointed inspector of snowstorms, huckleberry patches, and woodchuck holes, Thoreau probably came to know more of things about Concord than anyone else, before or since. He liked to pun on the village name, supposing it to signify a special kind of harmony. He could happily sit, he thought, at its back door forever. He

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also quipped about his own name, which he accented on the first syllable, so that he could speak of being thorough in every enterprise. He was monarch, he said, of all he *surveyed*. Small wonder that to many of his neighbors he seemed an irresponsible, uncommitted man.

Yet now, on the centenary of his death, this man of few affairs is to be enshrined in the Hall of Fame for Great Americans, his bust placed beside those of Washington, Lincoln, Longfellow, Edison, and Franklin. Many Thoreauvians think that this might have amused him; others are certain that he would have been pleased.

His Concord neighbors, Emerson and Hawthorne, are there before him. Their writings were immediately more popular, and they published greatly more than Thoreau did. At his death, he was a man of two books which had sold badly; but he left a large box stuffed with manuscripts which his friends or admirers have since arranged for publication, so that his complete writings now fill more than twenty volumes, the greater number of them made up of journals which recorded daily observations of people and wild things and the way his own mind worked.

But of all the shots heard around the world from Concord, perhaps none has reverberated with more consistent force than these from Thoreau's spare arsenal. What he had to say was simple, but profound—radical, he would have called it, because it struck deep, at roots. He chided his neighbors for "living lives of quiet desperation," so intent on providing for tomorrow that they failed to live each day. "It is a fool's life," he told them, this "lying, flattering, voting, contracting yourselves into a nutshell of civility, . . . making yourself sick, that you may lay up something for a sick day."

GOING to the woods beside Walden Pond was Thoreau's method of pruning inconsequentials from his life. Working only when necessary left him time for better vocation. Wearing old clothes made it unnecessary to buy new. He never recommended that others do as he did. Each must find his private way—but that, he warned, takes some doing, and unremitting alertness. Excessive busyness makes for drowsiness. The important task is to stay awake, ready for whatever challenge each new day brings.

That was Thoreau's advice to his countrymen—to stay awake. When he spoke of admiring wild things, many people thought he meant Indians and unkempt forests and free-swinging thought. What he had as much in mind was the elusiveness of truth which starts away as man approaches, unless man is very cunning and quiet and wakeful. "Dullness," he said, "is only another name for tameness."

Among the most elusive of wild things was freedom, so often shackled and contained, as though it might be tamed or trained to become something else. Great alertness and some cunning and much courage were needed to keep freedom free. Human dignity required resistance; honesty required protest. And Thoreau, said Emerson, was an extraordinary protestant: "Few lives contain so many denunciations. He was bred to no profession; he never married; he lived alone; he never went to church; he never voted; he refused to pay a tax to the State; he ate no flesh; he drank no wine; he never knew the use of tobacco; and, though a naturalist, he used neither trap nor gun."

Thoreau admitted himself to be indeed an *extra*-vagant man, stubborn and demanding. He died, some people thought, of bronchitis brought on by an unnecessary excursion into the woods through damp spring snow. When on his sickbed he was asked whether he had made his peace with God, he replied that he had not been aware that they had quarreled. What disagreement he had was with his neighbors in Concord, which he extended to mean any place where men might live in harmony, at peace with themselves.

For in the century since his death, Thoreau's voice has been heard in many such places, listened to by people as extraordinary and honest as he. Lovers of wildlife, conservationists, walkers, and bird-watchers find in him a patron saint. Vegetarians, nudists, and nature faddists have adopted him as their own. The number of aspiring persons who have lived alone as he did is uncounted; the number who have wished to is probably beyond count. Often he is misconstrued, as Frederik van Eeden in Holland also misconstrued him by naming a Dutch socialist colony Walden. Thoreau was no socialist—quite the contrary.

Wherever men declare for independence, Thoreau is among them, "a perpetual reminder," it has been said, "that it is the toughness, the intransigence of the spiritual unit which alone gives edge to democracy." In nineteenth-century England, local groups of the Labor Party were called Walden Clubs, and Thoreau's book became a manual of party ideology. In South Africa, Gandhi translated "Civil Disobedience," to find in it the core of his passive resistance movement which worked political miracles in India. Leaders of the Danish resistance in World War II looked upon that essay as a guide to effective obstruction of tyranny. Freedom Riders today have looked to it for justifying strength. Thoreau's message of toleration and self-trust, writes a correspondent from Japan, circles the world as triumphantly as did Colonel Glenn's flight.

BUT he is a dangerous man to have around, this Thoreau. When "Walden" was translated in 1950 to Czechoslovak, the edition was seized by Soviet authorities "pending ideological investigation into its contents." He is plainly a disturber: "I would remind my countrymen that they are to be men first, and Americans only at a late and convenient hour." But he is also a writer who has inspired other remarkable writers, as Robert Frost and Henry Miller have both testified.

Thoreau does not speak to satisfied men. "I do not mean to prescribe rules to strong and valiant natures," he said, "but mainly to the mass of men who are discontented, and idly complaining of the hardness of their lot or of the times, when they might improve them." Look up, he tells these people; it is day, a new day, and time to be alert. That is why the plaque beneath his bust in the Hall of Fame will inscribe in bronze the chanticleer call which is sounded again in the final words of "Walden": "Only that day dawns to which we are awake. There is more day to dawn. The sun is but a morning star."

My life is like a stroll upon the beach,
As near the ocean's edge as I can go. —*"The Fisher's Boy."*

The swiftest traveller is he that goes afoot. —*"Walden."*

I had three chairs in my house: one for
solitude, two for friendship, three for society. —*"Walden."*

The blue-bird carries the sky on his back. —*"Journal."*

That man is the richest whose pleasures are
the cheapest. —*"Journal."*

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Who Killed Benny Paret?

SOMETIME about 1935 or 1936 I had an interview with Mike Jacobs, the prize-fight promoter. I was a fledgling newspaper reporter at that time; my beat was education but during the vacation season I found myself on varied assignments, all the way from ship news to sports reporting. In this way I found myself sitting opposite the most powerful figure in the boxing world.

There was nothing spectacular in Mr. Jacobs's manner or appearance; but when he spoke about prize fights, he was no longer a bland little man but a colossus who sounded the way Napoleon must have sounded when he reviewed a battle. You knew you were listening to Number One. His saying something made it true.

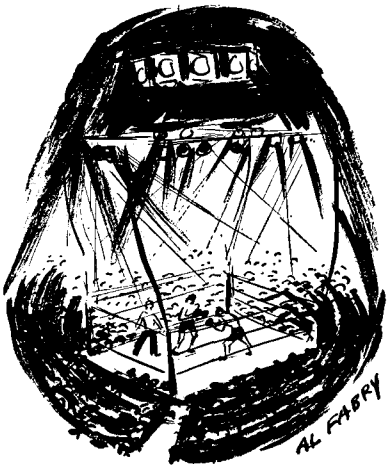
We discussed what to him was the only important element in successful promoting—how to please the crowd. So far as he was concerned, there was no mystery to it. You put killers in the ring and the people filled your arena. You hire boxing artists—men who are adroit at feinting, parrying, weaving, jabbing, and dancing, but who don't pack dynamite in their fists—and you wind up counting your empty seats. So you searched for the killers and sluggers and maulers—fellows who could hit with the force of a baseball bat.

I asked Mr. Jacobs if he was speaking literally when he said people came out to see the killer.

"They don't come out to see a tea party," he said evenly. "They come out to see the knockout. They come out to see a man hurt. If they think anything else, they're kidding themselves."

Recently, a young man by the name of Benny Paret was killed in the ring. The killing was seen by millions; it was on television. In the twelfth round, he was hit hard in the head several times, went down, was counted out, and never came out of the coma.

The Paret fight produced a flurry of investigations. Governor Rockefeller was shocked by what happened and appointed a committee to assess the responsibility. The New York State Boxing Commission decided to find out what was wrong. The District Attorney's office expressed its concern. One question that was solemnly studied in all three probes concerned the action of the referee. Did he act in time to stop the fight? Another question had to do with the role of the examining doctors who certified the physical fitness of the fighters before the bout. Still another question involved Mr. Paret's manager; did he rush his boy into the fight without adequate time to recuperate from the previous one?



In short, the investigators looked into every possible cause except the real one. Benny Paret was killed because the human fist delivers enough impact, when directed against the head, to produce a massive hemorrhage in the brain. The human brain is the most delicate and complex mechanism in all creation. It has a lacework of millions of highly fragile nerve connections. Nature attempts to protect this exquisitely intricate machinery by encasing it in a hard shell. Fortunately, the shell is thick enough to withstand a great deal of pounding. Nature, however, can protect man against everything except man himself. Not every blow to the head will kill a man—but there is always the risk of concussion and damage to the brain. A prize fighter may be able to survive even repeated brain concussions and go on fighting, but the damage to his brain may be permanent.

In any event, it is futile to investigate the referee's role and seek to determine whether he should have intervened to stop the fight earlier. That is not where the primary responsibility lies. The primary responsibility lies with the people who pay to see a man hurt. The referee who stops a fight too soon from the crowd's viewpoint can expect to be booed. The crowd wants the knockout; it wants to see a man stretched out on the canvas. This is the supreme moment in boxing. It is nonsense to talk about prize fighting as a test of boxing skills. No crowd was ever brought to its feet screaming and cheering at the sight of two men beautifully dodging and weaving out of each other's jabs. The time the crowd comes alive is when a man is hit hard over the heart or the head, when his mouthpiece flies out, when blood squirts out of his nose or eyes, when he wobbles under the attack and his pursuer continues to smash at him with pole-axe impact.

Don't blame it on the referee. Don't even blame it on the fight managers. Put the blame where it belongs—on the prevailing mores that regard prize fighting as a perfectly proper enterprize and vehicle of entertainment. No one doubts that many people enjoy prize fighting and will miss it if it should be thrown out. And that is precisely the point. —N.C.

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LETTERS TO THE EDITOR

PRACTICAL CATS

MANY THINGS I do not understand.

For instance, when I filled out the application for a driver's license, the form read, "Have you ever been judged feebleminded?" I wrote, "Yes, frequently." Then it asked, "By whom?" And I wrote, "By my husband and our four children."

When my husband learned of this, he screamed that I'd never get a license, that my card would stick in the IBM machine, etc. This did not happen; I have my license.

So I now have the courage to say that I enjoy *Saturday Review* from cover to cover even though I do not understand most of what is printed in OFFHAND by Mr. Tucci. But then again, I do not expect to, since I am trying to be humble about my limitations.

But there is one thing I should like to know, and I do believe this is down on my level. For months and months you have printed under "Personals" the following ad: "Cats for adoption. All sizes, all colors. Free. WAtkins 4-8493 NYC."

I am wondering: a) What goes on there? b) Who sponsors this vast project? c) May I get some of our superfluity of Milwaukee kittens accepted?

I trust this will not get me in trouble with the Mann Act, but, as I say, I am curious. Please inform.

MRS. RICHARD F. MOONEY.

Milwaukee, Wis.

EDITOR'S NOTE: *Our curiosity piqued by Mrs. Mooney's letter, we appointed, pro tem, an Editor in Charge of Feline Affairs and dispatched him in quest of the facts. The other day he returned and, purring gently, handed us his notes: "Traced ad to Lower West Side address in Manhattan and made appointment with Mrs. Judith S. Scofield. . . . Next day, was ushered into modest apartment by Mrs. Scofield, insurance broker and president of Save a Cat League, Inc., who cheerfully shooed two kittens off chair to make room. 'I founded the League five years ago,' she began, 'and started running the ad in SR at the same time. Today we have members all over the city and we find homes for about 1,000 cats every year—we're a kind of employment agency for them. But only in the New York area, unfortunately. Heavens, there are over 100,000 homeless cats here!' . . . Save a Cat League, a nonprofit organization, exists by memberships ($5 or $10), occasional contributions (tax-deductible), and the largesse of Mrs. Scofield ('I hate to think of it, but I spend the equivalent of a mink coat every year on this project'). Services include caring for stray or abandoned cats, taking pets when owners can no longer keep them, arranging for cat-sitting, offering free legal advice on cat problems. Among felinophiles listed as sponsors: Joseph Wood Krutch, Basil Rathbone, Phil Rizzuto, Mark Van Doren, Gypsy Rose Lee, Lena Horne. . . . How did Mrs. Scofield become interested in cats? 'It was in 1942. During a blackout in New York one night, I saw a stray cat crossing the street through heavy traffic and ran out to retrieve it. We were both nearly killed. Well, I couldn't bear not to keep the poor thing, and that was the beginning of the end.' . . . She indicated a cream-colored cat preening itself daintily. 'That's our aristocrat, Flagpole. He acted a season with the Met two years ago, in "Barber of Seville." Got $10 a day plus cab fare.' As we left, she smiled and said, 'This business has its problems, but you meet some terribly interesting cats.'"*

"Who needs a manager?"

ON STAGE AND OFF

I HAVE JUST READ Granville Hicks's review of "O'Neill," by Barbara and Arthur Gelb [*SR*, Apr. 7]. The book, as noted, is gargantuan; and, as not noted, it is often repetitious.

My argument, however, is not with the Gelbs, but with Mr. Hicks, who states that O'Neill performs well but is often a disappointment to read. It is interesting to note that Mr. O'Neill was never really satisfied with a production of his plays. This is merely because his stage directions are nearly impossible for any director or performer to adhere to. On the other hand, the imaginative reader can visualize all that the playwright hoped he, as an intelligent reader, would. Also, Mr. O'Neill made a point of carefully editing all his plays, knowing that they would "live" in book form only.

I suggest that Mr. Hicks read the book once again, then read O'Neill's finer plays, such as "Mourning Becomes Electra," "The Great God Brown," "Anna Christie," and "Long Day's Journey into Night." I think he'll find that O'Neill is great literature as well as great theatre.

DAVID F. SMITH.

Los Angeles, Calif.

WHAT PRECISELY is meant by "language" in a playwright? Granville Hicks echoes the cognescenti who found that O'Neill "lacked greatness of language" and is, therefore, disappointing on reading although vital on stage. Is it not the mark of a good playwright if he endows his characters with *their own* speech — coarse, vulgar, ungrammatical, or elegant and faultless, just as characters of different social strata speak in their own environments? Tugboat Annie would surely sound silly and unreal if she mouthed lofty ideas couched in poetic images. . . .

CHARLES L. LYBANON.

Savannah, Ga.

WRONG TRACK?

EDWARD T. CHASE has written the best analysis of the U.S. transportation problem I have seen from a layman [*SR*, Apr. 14].

He has overlooked, however, one of the most important causes of the ill health of the railroads and declining fortunes of other modes of for-hire transport. That is the policy of the railroads of "charging what the traffic will bear" in disregard of the cost of their services. The theory of the railroads is that, since they must maintain

(*Continued on page* 46)

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From Precocity, a New Sensibility

By GRANVILLE HICKS

WHEN a critic, especially a critic of the more abusive sort, publishes a novel or a volume of poems or a collection of short stories, he can expect to be received with a certain hostility. This is natural but not fair. To criticize an author is not to assert that one could do better. If I say, as I am prepared to do, that there are serious flaws in almost all of Shakespeare's plays, I am not claiming to be Shakespeare's superior. The creative and the critical faculties are distinct, although they have often been combined in one individual.

As a critic, Leslie Fiedler has not been one to spare the rod. In his principal work, "Love and Death in the American Novel," a book of considerable erudition and valuable insights, he condemns far more writers than he praises, and such praise as he offers is seldom unqualified. In some of his essays he has suggested that condemnation is a solemn virtue, and his ferocity occasionally verges on the pathological.

What I could not help thinking as I read the stories in **"Pull Down Vanity"** (Lippincott, $3.95) was that, judged by his standards, they would not fare very well. But that is not the point. The point is that, by *my* standards, they seem, most of them, to be interesting stories but not entirely successful. If only because all three are urban Jews, Fiedler brings to mind Bernard Malamud and Herbert Gold, and he is inferior to both. He lacks the former's subtlety and compassion, the latter's vigor and forthrightness. And he cannot, as they both can, give a story what seems its inevitable shape.

There are nine stories in the book, and six of these pretty well hang together. Of the other three, the most effective is a Jewish legend, "The Dancing of Reb Hershl with the Withered Hand," to which Fiedler gives a sardonic twist. Then there is a story of a Negro ex-Communist, with two dramatic if implausible dreams. And finally there is a portrait, funny in a harsh way, of a homosexual shoe salesman.

The other six stories are all concerned with writers or would-be writers, and three of them are worth analyzing because of what they tell us about Fiedler's *Weltanschauung*. "The Fear of Innocence," after a puzzling beginning, takes shape as a reminiscence of boyhood, of vastly precocious students in a New York City high school in the Thirties—particularly Hal, with his "ultimate, lucid, unconvertible arrogance."

> I must have been sixteen [the narrator says]; I remember I was reading the "Critique of Political Economy" and Aragon's "Red Front," just then Englished by E.E. Cummings (we passed it hand to hand under desks in geometry class; the teacher was myopic, scared—and we who, with indifferent zeal, wrote stories about the *rive gauche* and poets and pernod, or at lunchtime yelled "Hug-a-dick!" from the second-story windows of our school, despised her), still preferred ice cream to beer, myself to both, and shaved once a week the intolerable boy's mask of my face. [This, incidentally, is a fair sample of the crabbed, graceless style Fiedler often affects.]

The crux of the story is Hal's involvement with his Latin teacher, Miss Stone; though we are also told about the narrator's subsequent relations with his wife and given glimpses of Hal's cynical career and premature death. It is too complicated a story to be genuinely impressive, but it does make real to the reader a kind of personality that is typical of our time.

The title story takes place at a writers' conference, and at the outset one has the impression that it is going to be about the rivalry between two of the teachers—the narrator, who is a poet, and Edward Fenton, a critic. This, however, turns out to be less important than the narrator's relations with Judith Somers and with her husband, who writes unpublished poetry. It is a relationship full of frustration and conflict, of masks removed and masks assumed.

The best of the three stories, and the only one that makes a clear, dramatic impact, is "Nude Croquet." Again the situation is complicated. Five couples gather in the mansion inhabited by one of them. The men grew up together in New York City, bright boys, full of high ambition and revolutionary zeal. Now they are in their middle forties, and three have achieved recognition—a painter, a poet, a dramatist. The fourth member of the group is a businessman in bad health. The fifth, once the intellectual leader, now writes only when he is moved by malice or jealousy. A sixth member of the original group, also invited to the party, has just died. With the five are their wives, two of them new wives who are resented by the older ones. As the alcoholic evening moves on, the frustrations and failures are ruthlessly revealed until the characters are as naked spiritually as, thanks to the whim of the youthful hostess, they are physically. The climax comes when this insensitive young woman realizes the implications of what she is seeing; when she understands, as she has never understood before, that time is her enemy too.

IN these three stories, and in some of the others as well, Fiedler does succeed in presenting an important kind of modern sensibility. His typical character started life as an extremely bright youth, eager, competitive, suspicious. Because he was young in the Thirties, he passed through an ardent revolutionary phase, which continues to influence him even after political disillusionment. He has won some success, usually as a writer, but he is dissatisfied with what he has done. Often unbearably arrogant, he is full of self-distrust. He is unceasing in his analysis of motives, his own as well as other people's. He loves paradox to the point of perversity, and is afraid of straightforwardness and simplicity. His mind, disciplined from early youth, excels in the art of dissection, but his creative powers are weak. He is not given to compassion or to any generosity of spirit.

Surely this typical hero is related in intimate ways to Fiedler himself, and in understanding him we may be better able to understand the strengths and weaknesses of Fiedler's criticism. But Fiedler is not the only intellectual who displays elements of this sensibility. It is a sensibility that is found often in Jews, but not only in Jews, and by no means in all Jews. (Mary McCarthy and Dwight MacDonald might be cited as non-Jews who have a similar cast of mind, and Bernard Malamud as a Jew who does not.) That this sensibility has made a contribution to our culture seems obvious, but there is a point beyond which it is not be relied on.

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What Cost Chinese Recognition?

By HERBERT S. DINERSTEIN
of the Rand Corporation, who wrote "War and the Soviet Union."

THE RELATIONS between the United States and Communist China are poor and unpromising. The problem goes beyond mutual nonrecognition. The United States and the Soviet Union did not recognize each other until 1933, but the disputed issues were of secondary importance, and hostility, therefore, was muted. In the case of Communist China, however, the United States is formally committed to the military defense of Taiwan, which the Chinese Communists claim to be an integral part of their territory. Is any agreement possible? Is there any basis for the hope that the relations between Communist China and the United States can be as "normal" as the relations between the United States and the Soviet Union?

Harold S. Quigley, one of the deans of Far Eastern studies in the United States, addresses himself to these problems in **"China's Politics in Perspective"** (University of Minnesota Press, $4.50). Professor Quigley views the problem against its whole historical background. We are reminded that the system of Mandarin rule, although absolute in theory, rested on a wide base of local initiative; that graft, although widespread, was kept within reasonable limits. By the twentieth century, however, it was obvious that the Imperial system, after thousands of years of rule, had outlived its time. It could not preserve the territorial integrity of China against either Occidental or Oriental imperialists.

Professor Quigley sees both the Chinese regime on Taiwan and the regime on the mainland as the products of the national movement that supplanted the old Empire. From the beginning the successors to the Manchus were not democratic by our standards. Thus, although "democracy" along with "nationalism" and "livelihood" constituted the three principles of national reconstruction promulgated by Sun Yat-sen, the essence of democracy for him was national unity rather than individual liberty, and he did not expect democracy until a period of political tutelage had been completed.

The Kuomintang that succeeded under Chiang Kai-shek to the task of the execution of Sun's program also relegated democracy to the future. The Communist Party of China, of course, had at its goal the dictatorship of the proletariat, not democracy. As a result, Professor Quigley notes, both Chinese regimes today "permit the unpropertied and illiterate to vote and to discuss political issues but not to decide policy. Both treat complaisant intellectuals well. Both use secret police and soldiers to silence criticism. . . . Both nourish resentment toward the Western influence in Asia."

AFTER this sobering analysis of the past, the reader is unprepared for the author's belief that China will be democratic in the future rather than "totalitarian Communist." Quigley bases his hope on the educated classes of today and tomorrow. But why should these educated classes be more successful than the much larger educated class of the Russia of 1917?

Professor Quigley believes that American recognition of Communist China would accelerate the process of the liberalization of the internal regime because Chinese intellectuals would no longer be denied the valuable association with American scholars. But the recognition of China is not a simple matter. Until the outbreak of the Korean War, the United States took the position that the future of Taiwan was a Chinese affair, and it seemed very likely that the United States would intervene as little in the civil war in Taiwan as in the civil war on the mainland of China. In the bitter recriminations that followed the loss of China to the Communists it was forgotten that during the civil war very few Americans favored intervention in China.

Hindsight suggests that it was a tragic mistake "to let the dust settle" in China, but at the time this policy reflected the popular will. Once the Korean War started, however, our policy was reversed, and we determined to defend what was left of China. Consequently, solemn pledges were given to Chiang Kai-shek—pledges we cannot abandon without damaging loss of prestige. The example of France's abrogation of her obligation to Czechoslovakia in 1938 comes immediately to mind.

It is the burden of Professor Quigley's argument that recognition of Communist China, even at some considerable cost, would be a wise policy because it would liberalize and perhaps even democratize Communist China. But Professor Quigley's expectation that democracy will be furthered by recognition of Communist China is hardly supported by argument; it is a wish rather than a plausible hypothesis. On the other hand, one could make a convincing case that if Taiwan is abandoned —and the Communists will not accept recognition otherwise—our position in Asia will be gravely compromised.

—From "China in Black and White."

"Farmer's Family," by Tsai Ti-chih.

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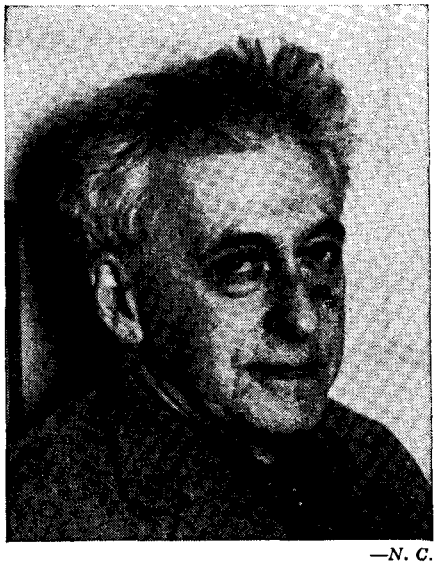
Workers in a Less Perfect Union

"A Change of Season," by Ilya Ehrenburg *(Knopf. 300 pp. $4.50), combines "The Thaw," translated by Manya Harari, and its sequel, "The Spring," translated by Humphrey Higgins—both of which emphasize that Soviet citizens should cast off fear now that Stalin is dead, and that artists should humanize Soviet life in their works. Ernest J. Simmons has written many books and articles on Russian literature, among them a study of Chekhov that will soon be published by Atlantic-Little, Brown.*

By ERNEST J. SIMMONS



—N. C.

Ilya Ehrenburg — aligned with the seekers of light.

MUCH Soviet literary ice has broken up and melted since Ilya Ehrenburg's novel "The Thaw" first appeared in the USSR in 1954 (it was published here in translation the following year). Its sequel, "The Spring" (1956), has now been rather belatedly brought out in English, together with "The Thaw," in a single volume entitled "A Change of Season."

Events in the Soviet literary world have pushed well beyond the exciting changes which Ehrenburg's two slender novels helped to initiate eight years ago. At that time the crude, regimented stereotypes of Zhdanovism in literature had become the despair of the Party and the laughingstock of intelligent readers. After Stalin's death, however, writers were sharply criticized for portraying, instead of real Soviet life, an imaginary society where only the better competes with the good and the perfect with the best. Dramatists were berated for allowing their Romeos and Juliets to discuss the needs of crop rotation in their balcony scenes, and novelists for discovering some vicarious sexual significance in their scenes of lovers at the factory lathe urging each other to surpass production norms.

In "The Thaw" Ehrenburg, who, in a brilliant critical article, had already sharply attacked Party-directed literature of the Stalin period, now attempted to embody this spirit of dissent in fiction. The background is not unlike that of many novels of the Stalin era: factory life in a provincial town on the Volga. Instead of the factory becoming the hero, however, interest is centered on the entirely human problems of a group of characters whose lives in some cases have been frustrated and embittered by the social savagery of Stalinism. And Ehrenburg's intention is to show how the winds of change, sweeping through the land since the tyrant's death, had at last made a new and better life possible. Or, to use Ehrenburg's own symbol, the thaw had come.

Zhuravlyov, the factory director whose ability to meet and even surpass production quotas would have assured him success in a novel of the Stalin period, loses his post because of callousness about the material needs of his workers. And he also loses his wife, Lena, to engineer Koroteyev in a manifestation of natural affinities and genuine love that would have been unthinkable in the earlier fiction.

What Ehrenburg stigmatizes throughout "The Thaw" is the lack of naturalness, feeling, and humanity that the harsh Stalinist regime had thrust upon Soviet life, and he also pointedly attacks the absence of these qualities in fiction, drama, and the arts. With disapproval he has the cynical young artist Volodya Pukhov, who has sold himself to the sterile principles of socialist realism because it is the only way to succeed in painting, rebuke his sister Sonya, who believes that fiction should contain ideas: "All that happens to you with ideas is that you break your neck. What you're meant to look for in a book is ideology. If it's there, what more d'you want? It's lunatics that have ideas." Yet at a club discussion of a recent novel written in the new vein, people speak frankly—"things have changed a good deal"—and defend the author's emphasis on feeling, as well as his fearless concentration on the raw spots of the private lives of his characters. And the actress Tanechka scorns her part as a laboratory assistant in a Stalinist play where she unmasks a professor for subservience to foreign ideas. "It was terrible," she declares, "not a live word in it . . . Why do I have to grimace and shout these imbecilities?"

With his unusual knowledge and deep appreciation of Western European modernistic painting, Ehrenburg directs his keenest criticism in "The Thaw" and its sequel against the hopelessly banal and unoriginal canvases of lacquered socialist realism that were the products of the Stalinist period. Volodya, conscience-stricken over prostituting his talent, venomously tells Saburov, whose model is Raphael and whose original landscapes have gone unrecognized for years: "Raphael wouldn't be admitted to the Artist's Union. We can't all be like you, painting masterpieces for the year 2000." The mild Saburov's only comment is: "It's high time we remembered there is such a thing as art."

Indeed, it is just this proposition that has deeply concerned Ehrenburg during his many years as a writer. Though he has often been regarded in the West, perhaps unfairly, as a rather mercurial supporter of the libertarian side in the bitter and sometimes dangerous struggle that has gone on in the Soviet Union over regimentation in art, his critical position seems clearly identified with the necessity for creative independence and artistic experimentation, within limits of loyalty to the regime.

This position is not as paradoxical as it may seem, and is not unlike that professed by some Communist and non-Communist Polish writers and artists. Ehrenburg has never lost his admiration, albeit a critical one, for the amazing period of literary and artistic innovation during the early years of the Revolution. Moreover, his considerable knowledge of Russian classical literature and contemporary Western, especially French, literature and art, and his many years of life abroad have equipped him with a cultural background infinitely less parochial than that of many of his younger Soviet colleagues in judging these questions of art. In his remarkable memoirs, which began to appear in *Novy Mir* in 1960, the seventy-year-old Ehrenburg wrote:

> Discoveries in the precise sciences may be demonstrated, and the ques-

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tion of whether Einstein was right or wrong was settled by mathematicians and not by millions of people who could hardly remember the multiplication table. New art forms have always penetrated the minds of people slowly, by devious paths: at first, only a few persons understood and accepted them. In general it is impossible to prescribe, inculcate, or dictate taste.

The melting snow at the end of "The Thaw" symbolizes the passing of the cruel Stalinist "winter" and at the same time ushers in some hope for a resolution of the problems that beset the several leading characters, a hope that is realized in the sequel, "The Spring." Koroteyev marries Lena, and the scar of suspicion is removed from him when his stepfather, unjustly exiled to the far north for seventeen years, is rehabilitated and allowed to return. And the old curmudgeon of a designer at the factory, Sokolovsky, finally wins the heart of shy doctor Vera Scherer, who long mourned her husband, killed in the war, and feared the implications for her, as a Jewess, of the "Doctor's Plot." Even the stoical Sonya—a kind of satire on the typical Soviet heroine in fiction, whose passion for work and machines allows no place for personal feelings—eventually falls deliriously in love with the thoroughly romantic, nontypical Soviet hero, Savchenko.

Ehrenburg also includes a commonplace Soviet fictional theme – the conspiratorial rejection of a new invention for the factory—but only by way of pointing out that neither the workers nor the District Party Committee tolerate any longer false denunciations and efforts to ruin a man's reputation. In the end even Saburov's original landscapes are preferred to Volodya's social themes of idealized workers and collective farm animals.

Ehrenburg tends to lose sight of the art of the novel in making his point that Soviet citizens should emerge from their prison of fear now that Stalin is dead, and that writers and artists should humanize Soviet life in their works. For "A Change of Season"—though rather interesting as a story and historically important as a turning point in the Soviet writer's long struggle for some measure of creative freedom—is unimpressive as art. The outworn device of the flashback, the elementary technique of revealing the characters' actions and motives by lengthy passages of self-examination, obviously invented psychology, and the contrived manipulation of plot elements are weaknesses also present in Ehrenburg's earlier fiction. In fact, except for his initial major effort, "Julio Jurenito," where his outstanding satirical talents enjoyed full play, Ilya Ehrenburg has never succeeded as well in the novel as in other forms of writing.

"A Change of Season," however, contributed mightily to the thaw that by 1956 turned into a flood of dissent against excessive Party controls in literature, during which there appeared, among a number of provocative works, the tendentious issue of *Literary Moscow Almanac* and Dudintsev's "Not by Bread Alone," and during which "Doctor Zhivago," also written in the spirit of Ehrenburg's novel, might have been published in the Soviet Union if Pasternak had been compliant about a few minor cuts. But the movement had gone too far. By 1957 Khrushchev and the Party had turned the thaw into another Soviet literary winter.

Yet this stubborn determination to resist controls, so prevalent in the whole history of Russian literature, is again manifesting itself, and once more the aging Ehrenburg has lined up on the side of the seekers of light. With candor he recently remarked in his memoirs that Mayakovsky "called me a frightened intellectual.'" He can perhaps derive some solace from the conviction that not only intellectuals, but all thinking Soviet citizens, apparently not excluding Khrushchev, were frightened during the terrible years of Stalin's tyranny.

However, now Ehrenburg has boldly risked, and received, official censure for insisting in his memoirs on the individual integrity of the artist and for rehabilitating the reputation of writers and artists who were sent to their death by Stalin. Quite fearlessly he has acclaimed the poetic genius of Pasternak —the only major Soviet writer to do so —and in public he has declared that "the Soviet government persists in not recognizing Pasternak as a great man." Nor has Ehrenburg failed to give his support to the young rebels among the writers. He has castigated in print an official critic for misusing his name to damn Eevtushenko's now famous poem on the massacre of the Jews at Baby Yar (see page 11), and he asserted in a nationwide broadcast: "I am a Russian writer. But as long as there is one anti-Semite, I will respond and I will have it written in my passport: I am a Jew."

Broken Heart in Tashkent

"The Northern Palmyra Affair," by Harrison E. Salisbury *(Harper. 310 pp. $4.95), depicts the nobility and tragedy of a people who have perpetrated and endured the cruelties of man to man. Ned Calmer, CBS News correspondent and himself a novelist, first saw Russia in the Thirties.*

By NED CALMER

IF EVERY thoughtful American would read Harrison Salisbury's sixth book and first novel, "The Northern Palmyra Affair," he could learn more about the mysteries of Soviet politics in its 310 pages than in two years of reading daily news reports from Russia by Salisbury or anybody else. He would also be gripped and held by a first-class adventure story with nuances that bare the depths of the Russian soul. The book is not, however, a fictionalized version of actual events, though the background is Leningrad of the 1940s and a few historical figures are connected with the plot—notably Zhdanov, Beria, Kirov, and, more remotely, Stalin.

A practicing news correspondent with long experience in the USSR, Salisbury need make no apologies to the literary set. He has caught the taste and smell of changeless Russia itself—"the odor of matted fur, sodden boots, brown floor polish, petrol fumes, smoked fish, unwashed bodies, human sweat, stale exhalations of lungs, garlic, old leather, pungent tobacco. . . ." And he has depicted unforgettably the

Harrison Salisbury—"no apologies to the literary set."

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proud and ancient city now called Leningrad—the "Northern Palmyra" that is the setting of his story—in its glacial winter as well as the month of the *bieli nochi*, "the white nights . . . when at midnight you can read a newspaper in the street, and when at two-thirty in the morning a wafer-pale sun rises in a colorless sky and suffuses the city in mysterious illumination."

The entire action of the novel takes place in little more than a day's time, but the almost continuous flashback covers a period that extends to the childhood of his heroine, daughter of a good Petersburg family that fled the Bolshevik Revolution. Irena Galina she is called, and what a heroine she is, destined to become Soviet Russia's most famous sculptress but ultimately degraded, crushed, and sent to die in brokenhearted exile in Tashkent, the victim of a Kremlin intrigue that was later to spread its tentacles and strangle the flower of her generation in Leningrad. Hovering about the flamelike figure of Irena are the engineer Morozov, her earliest love; General Orlov, who defended the city in the terrible Nazi siege of the 900 days; the poet Voronsky, who married Irena and left her; the political security chief Chaikovsky, and the Leningrad Party Secretary Ivanov. We turn from one to another as, on that fateful January day in 1949, each discovers that the haunting past has at last caught up with him, and retribution has come to exact its grim debt.

The story comes to its inevitable climax in a wonderfully eloquent scene that reveals at once the nobility and the tragedy of the Russian spirit. Leading to that climax are the political machinations and human suffering that have gone hand in hand in Russia since the Mongols, as characteristic of the land in Stalin's time as in that of Peter the Great—the endless, reasonless outpouring of blood, the hypocritical struggles for favor, the bitterly ironic contrasts of patriotic sacrifice and vicious opportunism. Yet, personified in Irena's son, Michael, hope somehow remains to survive the barbarous cruelties of man to man—the hope of each new generation striving for what its predecessor had failed to attain.

PASSAGE TO AFRICA: Unless its characters have been given an exceptionally authentic treatment, a topical political novel is likely to deteriorate rapidly; in a few years many are as quaintly dated as the news clippings from which they originated. Joyce Cary's **"The African Witch"** (Harper, $3.95) is a curious exception. Though the author's power at lucid psychologizing is everywhere in evidence, along with his unique and irrepressible comic gifts, these qualities alone do not keep this novel of colonial Nigeria so remarkably vital more than a quarter-century after its first appearance. History itself has conspired to preserve the book's topical relevance as well, despite years of unparalleled social and political change.

Cary wrote of the work, "My book was meant to show certain men and their problems in the tragic background of a continent still little advanced from the Stone Age, and therefore exposed, like no other, to the impact of modern turmoil. An overcrowded raft manned by children who had never seen the sea would have a better chance in a typhoon." The image holds; the typhoon still rages. Nowhere are the forces struggling to express themselves in Africa at the moment more tellingly recorded than in "The African Witch."

The scene is panoramic, but centers on the maneuvering over the succession to the emirate of Rimi, a "baby world state" where spirit cults and passionate Christianity, oriental palace politics and English-style liberalism exist side by side or, rather, hopelessly entangled with one another. The dominant figure is Louis Aladai, Oxford educated, torn between love of white civilization and his political ambitions, with his roots in a culture repressed by centuries of brutal poverty and superstition. His own sister Elizabeth is the great witch-priestess; his Oxford friend Judy Coote the prime catalyst of his aspirations for Rimi.

In the course of the intricate thrust and counterthrust of Aladai's campaign to become head of state, we are introduced to Coker, an hysterical native preacher; to the missionary-saint Dr. Schlemm; to an amazingly various and amusing set of "old Africa hands" who support white prestige and British decency in Rimi. The book moves at an extraordinary rate through the horrific practices of *ju-ju* fanaticism, native riots, a woman's war, and the full gamut of treachery and misunderstanding that make up the political life of the people.

Cary himself thought of the work as primarily a study of the influence of spiritual commitment on political history. However, it is the tone of light comedy, with which he attempts to control his ambitiously detailed human landscape, that prevents the book from approaching the greatness of "A Passage to India," to which it bears many important similarities. But it is nonetheless a near-masterpiece in its own right, and certainly deserves a much higher place among Cary's works than it has yet received. Its reappearance now is a welcome and significant literary event. —Barry Spacks.

Your Literary I. Q.

Conducted by John T. Winterich

GRAND TOUR

On their own regional maps, the European countries, cities, and areas listed below appear in renderings that differ, sometimes widely, from the usual English versions, which Cal Y. Meyers of Bologna, Italy, asks you to supply. Answers on page 27.

1. Livorno _____
2. Schweiz _____
3. Köln _____
4. Lietuva _____
5. Suomi _____
6. 's Gravenhage _____
7. Wien _____
8. Sverige _____
9. Venezia _____
10. Osterreich _____
11. Firenze _____
12. Krim (peninsula) _____
13. München _____
14. Magyarország _____
15. Praha _____
16. Kärnten _____
17. Hellas _____
18. Beograd _____
19. Padova _____
20. Bourgogne _____

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The Artistry of a Thinker

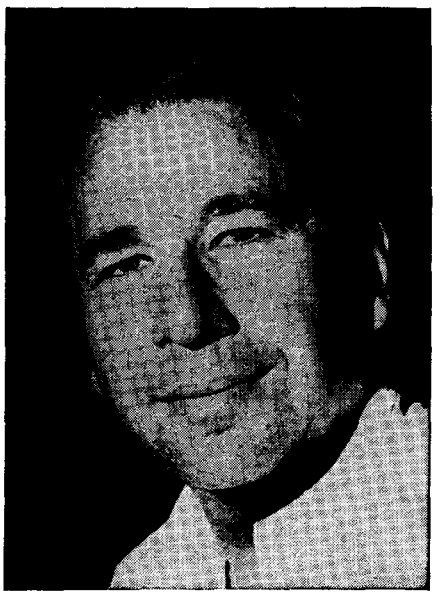
"Contemporaries," by Alfred Kazin *(Atlantic-Little, Brown. 509 pp. $7.50), a collection of essays on literary, social, and cultural topics, reveals the author's basic convictions and critical methods at midpoint in his career. Gay Wilson Allen, biographer of Walt Whitman, is a professor of English at New York University. As co-author with Harry Hayden Clark, he wrote "Literary Criticism, Pope to Croce."*

By GAY WILSON ALLEN

IN THIS book's concluding essay, "The Function of Criticism Today," Alfred Kazin says: "A critic is not an artist, except incidentally; he is a thinker, and it is the force, the exactness, the extension—perhaps the originality—of his thinking that gets him to say those things that the artist himself may value as an artist, the reader as a reader. To the true critic insights are valuable for themselves, and different members of the audience may use them in different ways."

When judged by his own definition Kazin comes off remarkably well. Only Edmund Wilson or Malcolm Cowley at their best have written with as much clarity and originality—or on a wider range of literary subjects. The ordinary book review (including this one) is a form of journalism, reporting on a publishing event and attempting to state its importance. The latter does require critical judgment (or guesswork), but the space assigned to a reviewer does not usually permit much extension of thought.

Many of the essays in Kazin's book were initially published as book reviews, but editors were generous to him with space—one indication of his standing as a critic. Some of the longest essays were first published as introductions to classics like "Moby-Dick," or contributed to scholarly discussions of the esthetics of Dreiser or "Great American Novels." Some of the most interesting are concerned with Kazin's experiences as teacher-lecturer in Germany, Russia, and Israel. These show that he is as able in social and cultural as in literary interpretation. In Russia he found that Ehrenburg made him think of a TV



Alfred Kazin — "a savings bank of literary opinions."

star eager to establish his rating. In Germany, as "Gastprofessor für Amerikanistik," he was shocked to discover how tenaciously "the instinct to play it safe and to keep oneself above the herd has been redoubled since the war by the need at least to live with professional dignity amid so many ruins."

How absent this instinct is in Kazin is demonstrated by his frank appraisal of the intellectual situation in Puerto Rico, where "there is no positive, rich, and glowing national past either to save from the Americans or to affiliate with them." In Israel he found both the Oriental Jews and the generation that has grown up in the new state unable to understand the suffering of the European Jews. One motive for the Eichmann trial, he reports, was the desire of the Israeli government "to bring home, in full force from the lips of the principal organizer of the massacres, both how difficult it was for the Jews to resist their fate and how hard they tried."

This big volume of Kazin's essays enables us to see more clearly than in his previous books exactly what kind of literary critic he is. Aside from the fact that he has now presumably reached mid-career, this savings bank of his literary opinions shows abundantly his basic conviction and mode of operation. He has always avoided fashionable poses and pedantry. He is not indifferent to form and technique, but he knows how meaningless they are as ends. In a critique of Kenneth Rexroth he says, "I prefer radicals—people who want to transform society"; but beatniks are merely indifferent. He has no sympathy for intellectuals who lack the courage to oppose forces that they regard as invulnerable and "find distinction in their failure."

Kazin is impatient, too, with the "tiresome fear of an expanding society that is now so common among the intellectuals." Nor has he any tolerance for writers unable to see society from without, who "talk as if they were osteopaths and America were their patient." Kazin himself has no social or political dogma, and literary art is in no sense propaganda to him. But he is an expert in separating honesty from sham, pretense, meretriciousness. He sympathizes with Karl Shapiro for opposing "the cult that has set itself up in the English department as the tradition of modern poetry," but Kazin sees no T. S. Eliot "conspiracy," and predicts that Shapiro's extreme anti-intellectualism will attract only "old fogies and the lunatic fringe."

Shapiro wants to supplant Eliot with Whitman; but to do this, Kazin says, "you must believe in his revolutionary politics, in his concern with the masses, in the spiritual leaven of democracy." Loss of this faith "opened the gates to Eliot's Anglomania and Ezra Pound's Fascism, to Allen Tate's celebration of the Old South. . . . It was exactly those poets who agreed with Henry Ford that 'history is bunk,' who thought that Dylan Thomas could escape 'the obligations of intellectual life,' who opened the gates wide to the new medievalists, the dreary croakers whose despair of democracy has fastened on 'The Waste Land.'"

This anthology also shows that much of Kazin's strength comes from his Jewish roots; not from doctrine or sense of "purity," but because as a relic of the Diaspora he sees, as he says of Freud, "an essential unifying principle of identity running through human experience." In Russia he talked with old people who "could very well have been my grandparents," and felt the "disconcerting effect" of himself in "a culture that is so notoriously and visibly nervous about Jews." In Israel "the ideological cocksureness and rasping dogmatism of a few leading personalities" reminded him of Soviet writers and intellectuals he had met. One of his most appealing traits, as man and critic, is Kazin's honest awareness of his Jewishness: ". . . if I ever touch at the North Pole," he remarks, "the first Eskimo running to meet me will ask my opinion of Ben-Gurion."

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Flashbacks to the Philistines

"Between Friends: Letters of James Branch Cabell and Others," edited by Padraic Colum and Margaret Freeman Cabell *(Harcourt, Brace & World. 290 pp. $7.50), samples correspondence between the author of "Jurgen" and such contemporaries as Mencken, Lewis, Fitzgerald, and Dreiser. James Gray wrote of literary matters in his essay collection "On Second Thought."*

By JAMES GRAY

LETTERS from friends inspire in most recipients a gratitude that is also indulgent. One is inclined generously to overrate the qualities of communications that may be regarded as happy, heedless fragments of a man's inner life.

But when private letters are reverently lifted from a file where they have lain for forty years and are offered for public inspection, estimation of their value is likely to be based on standards rather more exacting.

Here is a collection of letters that passed in the years from 1915 to 1922 between James Branch Cabell and his literary contemporaries—the critics, Mencken and Rascoe; the publisher, Guy Holt; the fellow writers, Hergesheimer, Lewis, Fitzgerald, and Dreiser. Central to the book's interest is the record of how Cabell's famous "fairy story for adults," "Jurgen," came to be written; how it was received with various responses of astonishment, adulation, indignation, and rage; how it was suppressed; how it was vindicated in the courts, and how it became established as a unique contribution to American creativity in an uncrowded alcove of the arts.

It was enormously stimulating in that time to be a young American and to watch new planets swimming into one's ken with dazzling frequency. One fortunate undergraduate happened to have access to the new books of the day before they had been either praised or blamed. "Beyond Life," "Tol'able David," "This Side of Paradise"—there they astonishingly were, emissaries from a brave new world. These were not merely books; they were revelations. Cabell was received with delight in his grace, his wit, his audacity; Hergesheimer with amusement, perhaps, at his patrician flourishes, but also with admiration for his craftsmanship; Fitzgerald with gratitude for his poetic insight into character. America had a new literature all its own. The sky was bright with promise.

James Branch Cabell about 1916—"baffling ingenuousness."

The Philistinism that called Cabell's writing lascivious and indecent, that charged Lewis with being "un-American" and Fitzgerald with being frivolous, stirred in enthusiasts more of exhilaration than of either contempt or fear. These talents were sound; they had their own inner security against petty abuse.

History has confirmed that confidence. Yet the sad truth appears to be that the men involved felt no similar exhilaration. In these letters they present themselves in trifling roles. They reveal no high sense of being actors in a conflict over values. They diminish a cause to banality.

None of these hasty correspondents took the trouble to pluck out of his mind a flash of its distinction. They wrote doggedly and with a kind of condescension toward the literary form which, at that moment, unprofitably engaged their talents.

In these pages the ineptitudes are many. Lewis runs on with flamboyant insincerity about the folly of the writer's occupation, "putting black marks on paper." Fitzgerald dismisses a book he does not like with an urchin's expletive and no reasons. Hugh Walpole intrudes with an embarrassingly fatuous little bleat about what he takes to be his own greatness.

Cabell appears as a man of baffling ingenuousness. He tells of having read "Jurgen" through after the legal action against it and says in effect that he could find nothing *really wrong* in it. What is astonishing is his failure to perceive that if "Jurgen" is to be regarded as a serious work worth preserving, it must be read in the full light of its bold meanings and with a steady look into the dark corners of its implications. To defend a book on the ground that it contains no dirty words is to reduce it to the absurdity of a sly literary stunt. And what are we to make of a major man of letters who stands before his mentor like a sophomore who has won a prize in an essay contest and is not at all sure that he will even be able to win another, and asks what sort of book he should write after "Jurgen"? Cabell, apparently in all seriousness, once made just that appeal for help to Burton Rascoe.

The sponsors of this volume may have hoped to stimulate a Cabell revival. It is doubtful if these letters will stir curiosity among readers who do not already know "Beyond Life," "Jurgen," and "The Silver Stallion." Even old admirers are likely to wonder if Cabell has not already had his due. This talent is caviar. And caviar must be fresh to be appetizing.

FRASER YOUNG'S LITERARY CRYPT NO. 979

A cryptogram is writing in cipher. Every letter is part of a code that remains constant throughout the puzzle. Answer No. 979 will be found in the next issue.

WFC RMPH OMFKL XMSL-SXOFL KC CPOMKCZ WPLF XNFSLND OMSC YD HMSO OMFD OMKCG NSQZM-SYNF.

ZPFOMF.

———

Answer to Literary Crypt No. 978

I am always ready to learn, although I do not always like being taught.

—WINSTON CHURCHILL.

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MASTER OF MYSTERY: "I'm just a fellow who jacked up a few pulp novelettes into book form," wrote Raymond Chandler to Frederick Lewis Allen in 1948 just after *Harper's* had published a piece about detective stories by W. H. Auden in which Chandler had been singled out for special praise. "How could I possibly care a button about the detective story as a form? All I'm looking for is an excuse for certain experiments in dramatic dialogue."

Chandler's dialogue was altogether admirable, but there was more than that in his stories—"The Big Sleep," "The Lady in the Lake," and the rest. There was an assured grasp of narrative essentials, and a fine sense of the right word in the right place. Never has there been a more dedicated craftsman in the mystery field. His first story appeared in 1933, and his last in 1959, the year of his death. Yet his output in that quarter-century totaled only eight books, each one a stylistic Taj Mahal.

A fine collection of his memorabilia appears in **"Raymond Chandler Speaking"** (Houghton Mifflin, $4), which has been excellently edited by Kathrine Sorley Walker and Dorothy Gardiner—herself a qualified practitioner in the mystery field and for several years executive secretary of the Mystery Writers of America. They have arranged the text not in conventional chronological sequence, but by categories: Chandler on the craft of writing, the film world and television, publishing, cats, and so on. There is something here for everyone who writes or reads or teaches writing or reading, and all of it is sound and sensible, and wonderful entertainment.

Every true-crime devotee will take high delight in the section "Chandler on Famous Crimes." He regards the Wallace case (Liverpool, 1931) as "the nonpareil of all murder mysteries," and he later emphasizes his verdict: "The Wallace case is unbeatable; it will always be unbeatable." Your reviewer concurs. And he accurately notes of the Borden case: "Its fascination is its extreme gruesomeness against a background of extreme respectability."

One passage from a letter of Chandler's to Edward Weeks of the *Atlantic* has already gained considerable currency and merits more; it richly deserves, indeed, the immortality that can be supplied by the quotation books: "Would you convey my compliments to the purist who reads your proofs and tell him or her that I write in a sort of broken-down patois which is something like the way a Swiss waiter talks, and that when I split an infinitive, God damn it, I split it so it will stay split."

—JOHN T. WINTERICH.

Three Cheers for Democracy

(*From Calvary to Christmas*)

By M. B. Thornton

IT was far out dark on the road that night
looking for a tree. I'd got an attack of
pleurisy, bellowed now to a redhot blade
by a cat's claw opening in my back window
registering zero (she'd needed a place
to have her kittens. Isn't this Christmas?)
That made it draughty (she'd found them a much
sweeter spot by now, not I), besides, it
may be I was cheating: all the trees were
five dollars a foot until the night before
Christmas, or had usually been. This year,
though, and I drove the length of the highway,
all was dark. There wasn't a one.

Is

anyone alive still who remembers
Bogart? Humphrey? Before he died he'd said
"If you've a message, send it to Western Union"

My sister sat trying to mend an Angel,
saying over and over again, "It doesn't
matter," the table set up for the tree
in the corner, dim and empty as never
before. "It doesn't matter."

This

is a Democracy. So who was my father?
My father is dead.

Don't be foolish.

He helped build the State? oh and so what and
who cares? who are you?

I dialed Information

"Could you possibly . . ."

"No, Madam. But hold the line please and I'll
connect you with the Supervisor". . .

"Trees?

No, Madam, not at this hour. But hold the line
please,"

Royalty in a Democracy
is anybody who cares

"and I'll inquire."

"Yes, Madam, they've trees down the highway to
Sparks. Do you want the number? . . . A dollar
your choice". . . and the pain in my back, sweet
Calvary, turned to light on the tree
in the manger.

EDITOR'S NOTE: *This poem is reprinted from the issue of April 7, in which a typographical error was inadvertently made.*

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Experience in Image, Sound, and Rhythm

By JAMES SCHEVILL, *author of "The Bloody Tenet" and "Private Dooms and Public Destinations: 1945-1962"*

AMERICAN poetry is in a transitional stage. There is a new technical sophistication among young poets: they command a variety of techniques, from strict, traditional, metrical patterns through syllabics to cadenced forms based on the speaking voice. Their difficulty is often a narrow vision, an inability to recapture for poetry the range of character and idea that was taken over by the short story and novel in the nineteenth century. Consequently, they find themselves in the trap of irony. In a society with few strong, central values, they write from a defensive isolation.

A case in point is John Ashbery's new book, **"The Tennis Court Oath"** (Wesleyan University Press, $1.25). Ashbery, so the jacket claims, uses "words painstakingly chosen as conveyors of precise meaning, not as representations of sound." How can the meaning of language be divorced from its sound? The trouble with Ashbery's work is that he is influenced by modern painting to the point where he tries to apply words to the page as if they were abstract, emotional colors and shapes, as in these lines from a long poem called "Europe":

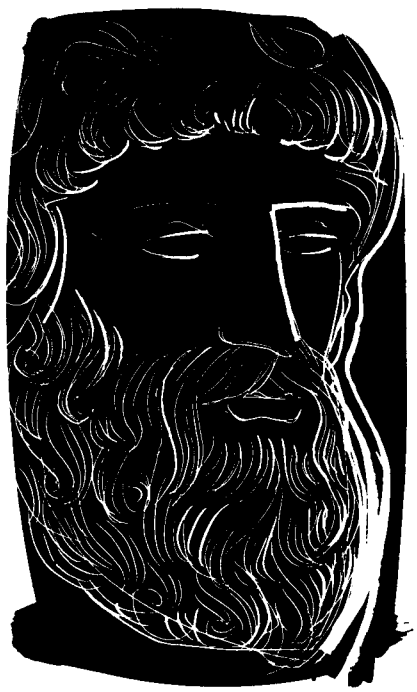
ice dirt
five minutes
get your money back
the hole screamed
two persons
two cut flowers

Consequently, his work loses coherence and unity. Although one appreciates the ambition of some of his technical experiments, one feels in the end that there is little substance to the poems in this book. Good lines are constantly spoiled by disconnected juxtapositions which, instead of creating the unique, imaginative world of Ashbery's desire, merely produce an effect of isolation and an abstract brush of words.

A mystical tone, which needs examining, is appearing in the new poetry as a way out of the trap of irony. At its best, it represents a turning back to the unity of the senses, a revolt against an overspecialized, materialistic age, an attempt to return to natural, animal values. At its worst, it is an artificial mysticism, involving images from nature and myth that have little apparent relationship to the actual experience of the poet in our industrial society. These problems occur in the new volume by the gifted James Dickey, **"Drowning with Others"** (Wesleyan University Press, $1.25). He presents an unusual, fresh approach to nature, and has the ability to give a rare identity to animals, trees, and birds. He shows their essence, not from the familiar, patronizing viewpoint of man classifying the lower species, but with a sense of all life struggling out of a common matrix. In one fine poem, "The Owl King," he writes:

I sat on the oak in my shape
With my claws growing deep into wood
And my sight going slowly out
Inch by inch, as into a stone,
Disclosing the rabbits running
Beneath my bent, growing throne,
And the foxes lighting their hair,
And the serpent taking the shape
Of the stream of life as it slept.

Dickey's mysticism works when it seizes upon the quality of identification that the true mystical spirit possesses, the clinging to the source of life that lies beyond the rational mind. But at times his images sag into the too-easy surface mysticism of "My green, graceful bones fill the air/With sleeping birds . . ." He has other, minor faults: his rhythms tend to be too similar, and there is sometimes a lack of concentration on subject matter, permitting too many repetitious images. Nevertheless, he has a unique, unmistakable tone, an awareness of the physical forces of the world that flow beyond time, beyond history, as in his long, moving poem "Dover: Believing in Kings."



Jack Gilbert's **"Views of Jeopardy,"** a volume in the Yale Series of Younger Poets (Yale University Press, $1.25), is another discovery. There is no easy identification in Gilbert's mysticism. His tone is often colloquially harsh, hard-driving, self-critical; he shapes his rhythms to the speaking voice with both variety and accuracy. Occasionally there is too much subjectivity in his work—the chief danger in contemporary mysticism. The true mystic springs through his torment into a world of terror and wonder, as does Gilbert at his best. "It Is Clear Why the Angels Come No More" is a good example of that best:

It is clear why the angels come no more.
Standing so large in their beautiful Latin,
How could they accept being refracted
So small in another grammar, or leave
Their perfect singing for this broken
speech?
Why should they stumble this alien world?

Always I have envied the angels their
grace.
But I left my hope of Byzantine size
And came to this awkwardness, this
stupidity.
Came finally to you washing my face
As everyone laughed, and found a forest
Opening as marriage ran in me. All

The leaves in the world turned a little
Singing: The angels are wrong.

In a time when joy is difficult, the sense of joy in Gilbert's poetry commands attention. It is not sentimental, but a true, mystical, deep awareness of the wild force of life.

"Starting from San Francisco," Lawrence Ferlinghetti's new book (New Directions, $2.95), should create a welcome controversy. Ferlinghetti has turned away from his earlier, more lyrical poems to a direct, topical, collo-

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quial tone. Many people will claim that these are not poems but statements, messages. Whatever they are, they are entertainment in the true sense of this corrupted word: "to enter into and hold a contact with an audience." If one has heard Ferlinghetti read, one cannot deny the excitement he arouses in his large audiences. These poems are written to be read aloud, and they lose a great deal on the printed page unless one imagines the phrasing and intonation of the author's voice. Consequently, New Directions has wisely included with the book a recording of Ferlinghetti reading several of his poems. The short, hard-punched syllables make them exciting to hear, especially to a generation attuned to jazz syncopation. The phrasing, which often seems repetitious and oversimplified on the page, takes on a new color and dimension with the dramatic force of his voice. As far as theme is concerned, Ferlinghetti is perfectly aware of the risk he runs in using political, topical subjects—"poetry admittedly corrupted by the political, itself irradiated by the Thing it attacks." At the same time, he faces the problem of effects too easily attained by the speaking voice, and therefore ephemeral. The danger of poems conceived as "oral messages" is their frequent lack of power to remain in the mind and ear.

Richard F. Hugo, in **"A Run of Jacks"** (University of Minnesota Press, $2.75), writes short, descriptive poetry focusing on places and things. He tends to stress the word and the image rather than the complete experience, so that often wholeness is sacrificed to individual effect. Thus we have at the end of one poem such a statement as, "Tonight the sea will come like the eyes/of all cats in the world stampeding." The word "stampeding" seems too calculated an attempt to shape a striking final image. Too many of Hugo's poems suffer from the quest for a false originality that plagues so many poets today. Yet, at his best, he reaches out into the natural world with an impressive sense of identity. Based mainly on images from his native Pacific Northwest, his poems often strike through to the power of this country torn from its Indian past, as in these lines that end a poem about the Duwamish River:

... But cold is a word. There is no word
along
this river I can understand or say.
Not Greek threats to a fishless moon
nor Slavic chants. All words are Indian.
Love is Indian for water, and madness
means, to Redmen, I am going home.

Charles Norman's **"Selected Poems"** (Macmillan, $3.95) is disappointing. Despite his humanity, the author's tone

is conventional and lacks depth. There are several amusing light poems, such as "To Drosophila" (the fruit fly). In his later work he seeks a more colloquial line, and there are some perceptive, ironic effects, like those in "Rockefeller Center"; but he tends to falter into archaic diction and standard images and rhymes:

... And he can cease to think or feel,
Rising neither late nor lorn
To go forth with a hound at heel
Whose bark rings like a hunting horn
Over the meadows and the meres,
When the marsh marigold appears,
And a white-throated sparrow sings
Of spring, and immemorial springs.

Twenty years after his first book of poems Reuel Denney, sociologist and co-author of "The Lonely Crowd," has published **"In Praise of Adam"** (University of Chicago Press, $3.50). This new collection contains an exciting, wise exploration of a variety of characters that is deeply relevant to the problems of our society. His subjects range from "The Drunk Oil Rigger" and "The Lady Who Knew a Waterfall in Trinidad" to "The Love Song of the Summer Waiter" and the long poem "The Man in Oakenwald," an incisive study of a huge metal sculpture that reflects the life of a street in old Chicago and becomes, finally, a moving symbol of what man can do with his creative imagination. Denney's language is distinctly tuned to the cadences of American speech, as in the opening lines of a fine poem, "The Ceremony":

The manner of one saying is
That every damned American
Eats crow, and learns to eat it well,
His history and his history's ill.

At times Denney seems more concerned with the texture of the poem than with the experience he is writing about, and his rhythms then seem merely experimental for the sake of experiment; they do not flow out of the subject. Yet there is in his work an individual, exhilarating tone and a mature sense of experience that catch the ear and demand recognition. Here are the last three stanzas of "The Man in Oakenwald":

The man in Oakenwald, when he is ready,
When sun, clear as clock, will copper him
And groom his buttons as an apparatus,
Let fifty wives with fifty mops with motors
And fifty pails with searching suds and
rotors
Fall on this workshop wild and scrub it
bony.

Let all be fresh because the work is finished
And all be bright because the man is
burnished,
Till steam in heel, and wish within his
muscle
Fork from the flying feathers of his jewel,
And like a train on bridges, or the rising
Fall on his feet of a dancer, he can travel.

The grass breaks through the grey. The
great green grip of
The garden flames and flowers in the
morning;
The mountain seems to move; the necessary
Bolts are in place to crane him to his
prairie.
He stands besides the pool, in sky and
water.
Far from the edge, his shadow flies its
journey.

Francis Fergusson's **"Poems 1929-1961"** (Rutgers University Press, $3.50) is a surprise and a pleasure. The first collection of poetry by the distinguished critic, it contains some witty, light city

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pieces from the Thirties in the vein of Eliot's early satirical work; an interesting play, "Penelope," on the return of Odysseus, which deserves performance; a deeply moving elegy to his wife, "On the Turning Earth"; and several recent poems, including a fine one on his daughter's marriage, "The Wedding Day," which ends:

And your plane, throbbing, spreads before
Remembered faces, side by side,
Lips parted softly, eyes alight,
Love's night, at last. Safe may you ride.

Sounds and scenes of the Day subside
In the frightened silence of the lawn.
In the greedy silence of the heart
Sweet echoes softly go and come:
The human night is ancient, one.

What one admires most in Fergusson's poetry is the expression of mind as feeling, probing through experience with a rare serenity. It is not major poetry, if by "major" one means a sizable body of work and a lifetime dedicated to the expanding thrust of the imagination. But it is poetry with a high standard of craftsmanship.

Risk—the hazard attempted—is what one begins to look for more and more in poetry. Consequently it is a pleasure to see the **"Collected Poems"** of Hugh MacDiarmid (Macmillan, $6.50) appear at last in the United States. MacDiarmid's formal range is wide, from the lyric to the philosophical narrative. Like Pound, he is full of eccentricities; but, also like Pound, he is a remarkably individual poet. His best poems are written in Scots dialect, and this accounts for the obscurity of his reputation. Yet his own claim may turn out to be true: "I have been hailed in many quarters as the greatest Scottish poet since Burns . . . or the way I prefer to put it, as one of a trinity with Burns and Dunbar."

Scots has the advantage over English of offering much greater possibilities of rhyme, and MacDiarmid uses this opportunity in his earlier poems to experiment with a variety of lyrical effects. His most important work from this period is "A Drunk Man Looks at the Thistle," an extraordinary meditation in various lyrical forms, in which the thistle of Scotland becomes "a symbol o' the puzzle o' man's soul." The drunk man is the image of the poet-philosopher, the observer of reality who is trapped in his search for love and for a true national destiny by the Philistine forces of his society. Here is a short lyric from this sequence, "The Grave of All Mankind," in which the drunk man's vision of the thistle suddenly becomes a terrifying insight into the nature of evil:

Shudderin' thistle, gi'e owre, gi'e owre. . . .

Grey sand is churnin' in my lugs [ears]
The munelicht flets, and gantin' there
The grave o' a' mankind's laid bare
—On Hell itsel' the drawback rugs!

Nae man can ken his heart until
The tide o' life uncovers it,
And horror-struck he sees a pit
Returnin' life can never fill!

MacDiarmid's later poems in English are more didactic, more prosaic, and, like Pound's "Cantos," full of multilingual explorations. There is a good deal of dogged statement that is not transformed into poetry. Yet, time and again, lines and sections flash out in

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powerful vision. Here is a major poet who has never lost his urge to explore. The one flaw in the present edition is an inadequate glossary of Scots words, which makes it hard to follow some of the poems.

The humility and humanity of R. S. Thomas, the English poet whose **"Poetry for Supper"** and **"Tares"** have recently been published in American editions (Dufour, $2.75 each), make the direction of many modern poets seem shallow. His work should be better known in the United States. Thomas is the kind of poet who keeps the best phases of a tradition alive. He writes mainly about country people and scenes in Wales, where he is a minister; his style is simple and direct, devoted to familiar rhythms shaped with a dramatic, colloquial impact. He knows the danger of a sophistication that loses contact with the elemental forces of life, and he sees, like Edwin Arlington Robinson, deep into the lives of people. There is something reassuring about Thomas's work, the knowledge that dignity and compassion are not just the official sentiments they often seem to be, but powers that can still create a moving perception of man's courage and fate, as in "Lore":

Job Davies, eighty-five
Winters old, and still alive
After the slow poison
And treachery of the seasons.

Miserable? Kick my arse!
It needs more than the rain's hearse,
Wind-drawn, to pull me off
The great perch of my laugh.

What's living but courage?
Paunch full of hot porridge,
Nerves strengthened with tea,
Peat-black, dawn found me

Mowing where the grass grew,
Bearded with golden dew.
Rhythm of the long scythe
Kept this tall frame lithe.

What to do. Stay green.
Never mind the machine,
Whose fuel is human souls.
Live large, man, and dream small.

The Australian A. D. Hope has published his first book in this country, **"Poems"** (Viking, $3). Donald Davie has said that "with him Australian poetry comes of age"; but one comes to feel that Hope is chained too much to a traditional and artificial sense of meter and rhyme, and that his work lacks the clean-hewn compression that is necessary to shape his dramatic vision. One of his best poems, "Imperial Adam," begins:

Imperial Adam, naked in the dew,
Felt his brown flanks and found the rib was gone.
Puzzled he turned and saw where, two and two,
The mighty spoor of Jahweh marked the lawn.

The plodding rhythm and particularly the overblown image of "the mighty spoor of Jahweh" alert one to the danger of parody. Yet the poem gathers momentum, achieving a powerful ending that shows what Hope can do if he learns control:

The proud vicuña nuzzled her so she slept
Lax on the grass; and Adam watching too
Saw how her dumb breasts at their ripening wept,
The great pod of her belly swelled and grew,

And saw its water break, and saw, in fear,
Its quaking muscles in the act of birth,
Between her legs a pigmy face appear,
And the first murderer lay upon the earth.

Finally, brief mention should be made of two exciting and valuable books by poets no longer living. **"The Selected Poems of William Butler Yeats,"** edited by the excellent critic M. L. Rosenthal (Macmillan, $1.95), presents for the first time in paperback a large sampling of Yeats's best work with a perceptive Introduction.

"The Estate of Poetry," by Edwin Muir (Harvard University Press, $3), is based on the Charles Eliot Norton lectures given by Muir at Harvard in 1955-56, and is devoted to a fascinating examination of the relationship between poet and audience.

LITERARY I.Q. ANSWERS

1. Leghorn. 2. Switzerland. 3. Cologne. 4. Lithuania. 5. Finland. 6. The Hague. 7. Vienna. 8. Sweden. 9. Venice. 10. Austria. 11. Florence. 12. Crimea. 13. Munich. 14. Hungary. 15. Prague. 16. Carinthia. 17. Greece. 18. Belgrade. 19. Padua. 20. Burgundy.

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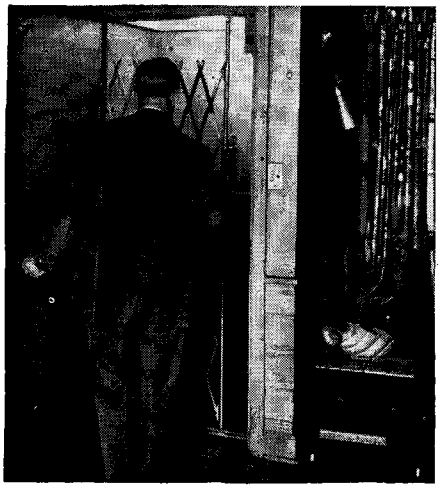

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Outside Looking In

ATTEMPTING to draw a distinction between stage and screen, Thomas Mann many years ago pointed out that in the theatre one is rarely moved to tears, while in films that is often precisely the director's intention. What Mann was suggesting is that theatre is the more cerebral medium, while the movies attack through the emotions. Granting a certain amount of leeway for overstatement, this viewpoint strikes me as essentially correct. In fact, I would carry it even farther. For good theatre, it is essential that one *understand* the characters in the play; for film, one must be able to *empathize* with them.

This difference is underscored in William Inge's script for **"All Fall Down,"** adapted from James Leo Herlihy's racy novel. One understands Berry-Berry, the handsome young brute who love-hates his mother, fears her emasculating influence, and takes his revenge by beating up any woman who is kind to him (and there are many). One understands Echo, a girl cheated in one love affair and hesitant about starting another—but who, once committed, insists on going all the way. One understands Ralph, the father, a frustrated rebel who takes refuge in the bottle. One understands with special clarity the mother, with her incessant, well-intended chatter, even when she knows that silence is the wiser course.

There is every reason to care for these people. They emerge as colorful, sharply drawn figures, each grappling with a problem too big and too complex for him. They are ordinary and recognizable, yet set apart by the guilts and compulsions that shape their lives. They are, in short, individuals worthy of our attention and our compassion. But compassion is what we cannot supply, because we see them and know them only from the outside. We never get beneath the skin; we never feel subcutaneously the mingled lusts and agonies of Berry-Berry, or Echo's tremendous need for love, or the mother's dim sense of her own inadequacies. All of these we see, as in the novel, through the eyes of the adolescent Clint, Berry-Berry's younger brother — an outsider looking in.

This is not to fault either John Frankenheimer, the director, or the superb cast assembled for him by producer John Houseman. Indeed, of all the young men who have come to the movies from television, Frankenheimer reveals the greatest awareness of what can be done with the camera and the editing shears. Particularly arresting is his use of long, lingering lap dissolves, not merely for transitions but, in a moment of love, to prolong the ecstasy and make it palpable. In the complex role of the mother, Angela Lansbury is memorable—vain, foolish, but not so stupid as to be unaware that somehow she has failed her husband and her children. Eva Marie Saint brings a wonderfully tentative quality to her performance of Echo, Karl Malden an edge of humor to the father. As a production, "All Fall Down" is filled with things to admire. As a film, however, it remains cold and unengaging. And primarily, I suspect, because Inge approached his screenplay as if he were still writing for the stage.

"Cape Fear," with its sights set lower, comes off a good deal better—particularly if you happen to enjoy old-fashioned, suspenseful melodrama that has no purpose beyond scaring the daylights out of you. This "Cape Fear" manages by introducing Robert Mitchum as a homicidal maniac, savage but cunning, bent on revenge—his object: to terrorize Gregory Peck and family. James Webb's script neatly disposes of all necessary expositional matters in the early reels, establishing Mitchum's sadism and Peck's essential inability to protect himself under law. From then on, the tension mounts quickly, with the tempo constantly accelerating to keep the audience on an ever sharper edge. Sometimes the scares are patently manufactured, as when the shadowy figure of a man in a dark room turns out to be an artful arrangement of a hat and coat on a stand; but just as often, they are the legitimate terrors of a war of nerves.

As the vengeful killer, Mitchum proves again that, given the opportunity, he can be a resourceful and expressive performer. His heavy-lidded eyes and petulent mouth here convey a depth of evil that is truly frightening. At the same time, Gregory Peck is equally commendable in a role that is, I suspect, far more difficult—that of the man who is acted upon. Polly Bergen is ideal as the ideal American wife; and the types to populate a small Southern town were skilfully chosen. Also notable is Bernard Hermann's apposite score, with its nervous use of strings as a final turn of the screw.

—ARTHUR KNIGHT.

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The Imps of Bleecker Street

A FEW seasons ago Off-Broadway was brightened by a new play called "Comic Strip," written by novelist George Panetta. It had an original brand of disingenuous humor that ran through a very slight story. Not witty lines or hilarious situations, but a gentle rambling through a Greenwich Village neighborhood—if you like, a lightly comic "Street Scene." At the same time, many of us felt that all the ado gratuitously set off by one erroneous assumption was neither funny nor dramatic enough for a three-act play.

Now "Comic Strip" has been made into a musical comedy by Mr. Panetta and composer-lyricist Robert Larimer, with most pleasant results. The interposing of eighteen musical numbers has cut the nonmusical dialogue time in half, and it has also put the emphasis on character revelation rather than on plot.

Titled **"King of the Whole Damn World,"** the show recreates the New York of the La Guardia era. There are the crap-shooting small fry who are *not* juvenile delinquents. There is Hippo the understanding cop, who spends most of his time sitting down in a bar, despite the semisympathetic efforts of his sergeant to get him to walk around his beat occasionally. There is Mr. Romani, the emotional barber who is always suspecting his wife of having had an affair with his union assistant whom he hates, because he refuses to cut children's hair. There is Mr. Romani's son Iggie, who impulsively writes "Cat" on the back of Jimmie Potts's fresh haircut. There is Hannah Klein, a lonesome woman who by logically connecting three unrelated facts sets in motion a story that will end up with her acquiring a husband. And, of course, there is the late Mayor La Guardia, heard only over the radio as he quixotically squeaks vengeance for the "dastardly" goings-on in Bleecker Street.

The musical numbers are by no means overwhelming, being content merely to act as an excuse for the individual characters to have the limelight for a couple of relaxed and rhythmic minutes. Catchiest is "How Do They Ever Grow Up?" which everyone takes turns singing. Most amusing is "Don't Tear Up the Horse Slips," sung by a bookie and a bartender when Hippo suddenly becomes frightened and makes the pointless gesture of attacking an illegality he had for years condoned. And warmest is Hannah's "Who's Perfect for You?"

Director Jack Ragotzy has staged the show with care and a regard for its peculiar charm, and the performing is excellent. Brendan Fay and Tom Pedi counterpoint each other beautifully as Sarge and Hippo. Francine Beers makes a very genuine Hannah. And as Jimmie Potts, seven-year-old Sheldon Golomb is giving the performance of his career. Master Golomb, who merits the "two front teeth" award next Christmas, romps naturally yet assuredly to keep both his elders and his audience nonplussed throughout the evening.

On the debit side is the still obscure point of the show, which has something to do with being king of the whole damned world, if you obey La Guardia's childishly simple precepts. Indeed, Mr. Panetta's program note about the Little Flower is better writing than he is able to put in his characters' mouths. Furthermore, there is the ill-advised inclusion of an ineffective ballet sequence. And the low ceiling of the Jan Hus Theatre appears to be somewhat inimical to musical comedies whose magic requires the suggestion of an infinity of room in which the imaginations of audience and performer can soar together.

Nevertheless, this poor man's "Fiorello" is certainly the best new musical comedy of an inordinate number of attempts in this Off-Broadway season.

THEATREGOERS who wonder why so many of O'Neill's plays have been premiered in Stockholm are urged not to miss one of the two scheduled New York showings (May 17 and 18) of **"Long Day's Journey Into Night"** by the Royal Dramatic Theatre of Sweden. Although it is spoken in Swedish, it contains two performances fully as good as and two performances better than their counterparts in the distinguished New York production five seasons ago.

The company will also bring two Strindberg plays, **"Miss Julie"** (May 14, 15, 16, and matinee, May 19) and **"The Father"** (matinee May 16 and evening, May 19), to the Cort Theatre. The former stars Inga Tidblad, who will summon all her art to recreate a performance she first gave superbly many years ago. And the latter offers us an opportunity to see one of the world's greatest actors, Lars Hanson, in an ideal role. —HENRY HEWES.

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A Day of Passions According to J. S. Bach

A METROPOLITAN OPERA season notable for a variety of other omissions came to an end minus the performances of "Parsifal" which are, to a sizable number of its patrons, more than the difference between "Bohème" and no "Bohème." But, by a kind of divine dispensation, the Friday before Easter provided the coincidence in Carnegie Hall of two famous passions "according to"—the St. Matthew in the afternoon with Leonard Bernstein and the Philharmonic Orchestra, the St. John in the evening under the direction of Thomas Dunn.

Lest the scholarly suppose that some other composer were involved, these were, also, the passions according to J. S. Bach. Or at least nominally so. Bernstein persuaded himself that it was possible to omit a third of the total work and still not disserve the composer, as well as to perform it in an English text blandly attributed to "various sources" and not disserve the mood and style of the setting. So much was in the range of the debatable, but not the use of more than 150 choral performers (the Collegiate Chorale) to make up the double choir specified in the score, plus a choir of boys from the Little Church Around the Corner.

There is, to begin with, the problem of accommodating this many singers on the stage of Carnegie Hall. Bernstein's solution was to arrange them in ranks from stage right to stage left, in front of the orchestra. The instrumentalists were spread out on risers at the rear, or at least some of them were. Others, such as the continuo-playing cello and bass, were on the flat floor beside the harpsichord, rather closer to 56th Street than any other point. Thus, what could be heard by the conductor was not always what could be heard by the listener in the hall, whose aural access to the important solos of the oboe and solo violin was good or bad according to whether the sound rose above to where he was sitting, or was blocked off.

So much attention to arrangements and acoustics may seem excessive. But the outcome was so much determined by these arrangements that they became a part of the performance and its effect rather than merely a physical detail. In the scheme of that performance there were some admirable traits: the sober, painstaking direction of Bernstein, which resulted in some beautiful choral singing, especially in music at a lower dynamic level; the eloquent singing, as Jesus, of William Wildermann, who exceeded even the best work he has done at the Metropolitan in the artistry of this effort; the thoughtful Evangelist of David Lloyd (who performed from a kind of pulpit on the rear row of risers); and the well-phrased soprano singing of Adele Addison. Expectations for the Canadian bass-baritone Donald Bell were a little let down by his treatment of a part that may be vocally awkward for him. Betty Allen was the mezzo and Charles Bressler the tenor.

Where so much is questionable in sum, the pursuit of detail is rather beside the point. It is a fact, however, that precision is harder to obtain with a large mass of choral voices (especially in fast tempos) than it is with a compact one. Certainly the numbers added something to the dramatic impact of "Barabbas" and "Let Him Be Crucified," but the cost in flexibility elsewhere was evident. My final feeling was that all the concern for externals did not add materially to projection of the essence of the work.

The requirements for the "Passion According to St. John" are of course different: the tonal drawing is on a much smaller scale, the drama is not so boldly exposed, the emphasis on detail—such as the subtle harmonic coloration behind the words "in bittern Tränen" ("in bitter tears") in an aria of the Evangelist—more pronounced. Such values were accentuated in Dunn's choice of the second of the four versions Bach made of this work, even more by the musical inclinations expressed in his preference of it.

Conspicuous among them was the handful of singers in his chorus, less than twenty-four in all. The orchestra was similarly restricted to about twenty. The language of his choice was German, which, by contrast to the pale sound of the Bach-in-English of only hours before, gave an additional element of color and strength to the recreation of Bach's writing.

The summation of it all would seem to be that Dunn's procedure at least admitted the possibility of an authentic sound of Bach, given advantageous circumstances, whereas Bernstein's didn't. The advantageous circumstances came about in the singing by Bressler (his second stint of the day) of the Evangelist, in which the emotional power of Bach became an electrifying reality. His German is both pure and fluent, his communication of word and tone remarkably varied for one who deals within the limitations of the counter-tenor production. It is, of course, a famously advantageous part for one who can respond to its invitation, and Bressler's RSVP bore the "Special Delivery" stamp.

DUNN'S conducting technique is by no means infallible (especially in slow tempi, the various elements, choral and instrumental, tended to settle unevenly on the beat) and his players and singers are somewhat less than wholly expert. Nevertheless, when everything flowed in the same direction and the output equaled the input, there was, now and then, a sound in the air that could be described as Bachy. Which is to recapitulate that the composer's purpose dominated the execution rather than (as in Bernstein's case) being subordinated to a plan of performance. Judith Raskin gave sure, also somewhat brittle, outline to the soprano's music, Shirley Verrett-Carter labored slightly with the mezzo part, and the performances of Spiro Malas (bass) as Jesus and Thomas Paul (bass-baritone) as Pilate were in the category of promising.

It will, no doubt, be many an Easter before the two Passions are offered on the same day in the same hall again. It is, in any case, probable (and preferable) that Dunn will be more faithful to Bach in his fashion than Bernstein in his.

Gianna d'Angelo brightened the final week of the Metropolitan season with her second good performance in two seasons (her debut as Gilda occurred last year), this time as Donizetti's Lucia. The fluency and ease of her execution are well above average, and she looks well on the stage. There is, however, not much beauty in the sound of the voice, a consideration which did not prevent her conspicuous success with the public. —IRVING KOLODIN.

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BOOKED FOR TRAVEL

Our Man in the Ozone—10. L'envoi

THE MORNING that Colonel Glenn lifted off the pad at Canaveral, I had, I assure you, no wish to be in his shoes nor in his ship. Yet in many ways Glenn's mode of transport, however limited the sightseeing it afforded him, did have some advantages over the most up-to-date trip to which any common circumnavigator of the globe can subscribe even in these advanced days. For one thing, the colonel was not required to change aircraft, nor did he need to tangle with customs and local travel tax collectors. Once that monumental delay was passed, he did not have to wonder, at each stage in the voyage, whether his mode of transport would leave on time, or several hours late.

All these fetters remain like trip wires in these high-flying technocratic times, as I came to know in the course of a recent global circumnavigation of my own which required thirty-eight hours of actual flying time, nearly ten hours of waiting time in airport delays, nine encounters with customs officials, seventeen sessions with immigration officials, four departure taxes, and heaven knows how many forms to fill out. It took eight airlines of seven nations to get me around, and I count among them, in the order in which they were boarded, TWA, SAS, Air Viet Nam, Royal Air Cambodge, Air France, Civil Air Transport, Japan Air Lines, and Pan American. TWA served movies, milk shakes, and hamburgers (and also sole with truffles or sirloin steak if you wanted it), SAS served smorgasbord and *akvavit* and carried the King and Queen of Denmark on board, Air Viet Nam flew DC-3s, Royal Air Cambodge took off shortly after dawn in one of the two C-47s that comprise its fleet, Air France served magnificently over the South China Coast, CAT decorated its airplanes in gold and black and its stewardesses in split-skirt dresses, Japan Air Lines provided brocade-covered seats, Pan American turned on the coals and made Tokyo-Honolulu in less than six hours, and TWA, on the last homeward leg, showed the USA and a movie at the same time. Except for the 198-mile excursion from Bangkok to Siem Réap to see the ruins of Angkor and the 175-mile trip down to Phnom Penh in Cambodia, all 21,529 miles were flown without aid of propeller or piston. Still, despite the speeds that were frequently phenomenal, and the sound, which was hushed and less fatiguing, I find myself, these post-trip days, taking a second look at the jets. For one thing, night departures over the Atlantic, about which I declaimed at length when the jets were first introduced, are comfortable and pleasant, especially if you have a marvelous meal to eat (TWA calls you up several days in advance to go over the menu with you and get your preferences) and a movie to see. But the trouble, of course, is that if you spend two hours eating and two hours viewing, there isn't much time to sleep, especially if you are riding tailwinds, and indeed we were, for we rolled over the Atlantic at times at speeds of 720 miles an hour. I must say that when I arrived in Rome the next noontime, a city I hold in great affection, I was in no mood to range any farther than the inviting bedstead at the Excelsior, and I stayed in repose until nightfall, rising only for dinner before returning to catch up on more sleep.

A FEW days later, more or less normal, I was at the airport in Teheran waiting for SAS to come in from the west and fetch me east. It came eventually, and in two hours and ten minutes we had crossed almost the length of Persia, clipped a corner off Afghanistan, and settled in Karachi where the mouth of the Indus comes down to empty into the Arabian Sea. The lights were turned up and an energetic squad of cleaners and provisioners came on board, sweeping underfoot and crashing great metal boxes of dirty dishes and heat-up dinners through the portals. There would be, I thought, some compensation, for if one couldn't sleep at least there was the pleasure of a peek at Pakistan, even if from so narrow a view as the Karachi airport. Much to my consternation, passengers were not permitted into the airport buildings and had to content themselves with a cup of tea or a Coke served up by shivering Pakistani who brought their provisions to planeside. It was a Ford Trimotor touch in the age of the jets, and I must say the memory of it hangs in the attic of my mind like a bad adventure. In three-quarters of an hour we were back into the air, flying into the sunrise toward Bangkok. We got there four hours and fifteen minutes later, although the change in time between Teheran and Siam is three and a half hours. I was fit for nothing more than a quick lunch and a long afternoon's nap that stretched deep into the evening. There were days in the old horse-and-buggy era of the piston propeller planes when, secure in a berth and anesthetized with a pill, I had flown five times as long and had felt fifty times better on arrival. There are occasions, I came to realize, when the saving that accrues from jet speeds is all arithmetical for those possessed of anything less than the stamina of a camel and the constitution of a somnambulist.

The jets performed best, I thought, in the short runs—Phnom Penh to Hong Kong with Air France in two hours, Hong Kong to Formosa in CAT's striking Convair 880 in an hour, and, similarly, from Formosa to Tokyo with the same plane, this time JAL's, in two hours. A midnight departure from Tokyo with Pan American put me in Honolulu five hours and forty minutes later, which is shorter than most flights from New York to Paris, but between the International Date Line and the change of the clock I went back nineteen hours. Once more I had to sleep away all the daylight hours, a bothersome necessity when you're in Honolulu and the beach spreads outside your window. On the other hand, Pan American's daylight flight from Honolulu to Los Angeles is a four-and-a-half-hour breeze that gets you there in the late-afternoon daylight. And the same goes for TWA's morning flight from the West Coast to the East.

Not counted in the elapsed flying time of thirty-eight hours and thirty-six minutes were delays of nine hours and fifty minutes, which meant that although flying times between stations are shortened, there is certainly no indication of reduced delays from the days of piston engine travel. Indeed, the waits added about 25 per cent to the necessary time it took to fly between stops. About half of these delays were inspired by difficult winter weather in the United States. Even though life is less ordered in Asia and the Pacific, there were, for instance, no deferments at all from Siem Réap in Cambodia clear to Los Angeles.

What other delays and impediments trip the traveler on his route around the world can be charged not to the airlines but to the new latticework of barriers which the nations themselves have strung across their frontiers. They come in the form of questionaires and taxes with which the world's states beleaguer the tourist whom they have just spent so much time and effort to invite. Teheran itself, which has precious little to show the traveler, hamstrings sightseeing with a hopelessly complicated assortment of visiting hours and visiting

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days for their palaces, their national treasures, and their museum. Baggage is searched on departure to see that no one is carrying caviar, for Iran does not want black market caviar taken out of the country even though it is an open secret in Teheran that most embassies stock their commissaries from sources of questionable legality. As at Karachi, transient passengers are not permitted to debark for a leg-stretching stroll in the pleasant Teheran airport, where they could purchase a Persian carpet or perhaps even legal caviar kept in an icebox at the local shop. What a fine advertisement of the pleasures of Iran either might make if carried east or west by voyagers using this growing crossroads.

It is pleasant enough to break one's journey with a day or two in Rome, a city in which to rest, expand, and eat and delight the eye, but some of the pleasure is dimmed when the Italian government bids each traveler goodbye and godspeed by picking his pocket for an exit tax. The same practice has lately been adopted in Thailand, a nation that has newly seen the benefits to be derived from a tourist program. It has learned the excesses just as quickly, and unpleasant signs adorn the improved airport telling what the fine will be for those who refuse to pay for the privilege of departing the country. Hong Kong, the recent darling of the traveler, has reciprocated by dunning each visitor with a departure tax, leading neighboring Macao, a Portuguese province, into the same malpractice. Travelers flying from Hong Kong to Macao for a day's outing must pay a tax on leaving Hong Kong and another on leaving Macao. When they finally quit Hong Kong for the next port they must pay the departure tax a second time.

Only the other winter's day, dining in a friend's apartment high on the heights of Hong Kong Island, looking back on the harbor and on the lights of Kowloon across the water, a visitor from Hawaii ignited a spirited conversation by suggesting a traveler's tax for that lotus land. The subject was apparently alive in the islands, for shortly after I arrived there, a week or so later, the question of the propriety of such a tithe was put to me by a local reporter. My reply, which was printed the next day, and which heavily scored the proposal, brought a quick torrent of letters and calls and requests to broadcast and speak. Hawaii's hotelmen, as I was reminded, have been fighting such a tax for years. But I was also informed by one correspondent that all visitors to Hawaii are held fair game for the General Excise Tax which is levied on every item sold to anybody in the entire state. The Tax Office looks to the seller for the tax on his gross receipts and it doesn't care whether the seller passes this tax on to the buyer. Hotels do openly pass this tax on to guests, and I found it, as one of my callers suggested I would, on my bill when I checked out. To add further tax to the tourist would be outlandish discrimination. Hawaii would be saying Aloha to the traveler on arrival and picking his pocket on departure. More than that, a tourist levy in Hawaii would inspire other states to follow suit, leading to the erection of toll gates at all state borders, a clear invitation to the traveler to stay home. The trend is bad enough: visitors come

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A guide for the shopping traveler who expects to spend more than the $100 duty-free allowance (add $100 for Virgin Islands visitors)

Antiques produced prior to 1830	**Free**
Autos, new or used	**8½ per cent**
Books	
foreign authorship	**5 per cent**
when printed in foreign language or more than twenty years old	**Free**
Cameras (some trade marks restricted)	
when valued at $10 or more	**15 per cent**
if lens is chief value	**25 per cent**
Chinaware	
bone	**35 per cent**
Cigarette lighters	
gold or platinum	**30 per cent**
other	**45 per cent**
Cutlery	
knives and forks silver plated and chiefly made of silver	**12½ per cent and 5¢ each**
silver knives and forks	**17½ per cent and 8¢ each**
spoons, silver plated	**21 per cent**
spoons, sterling silver	**25 per cent**
Dolls	
ornamented	**38 per cent**
other	**35 per cent**
Dresses	
cotton	**20 per cent**
nylon, rayon	**27½ per cent plus 25¢ per lb.**
silk	**32½ per cent**
wool	**20 per cent plus 37½¢ per lb.**
ornamented	**42½ per cent**
Embroidered wearing apparel	**42½ per cent**
Etchings, engravings, woodcuts, if artist proof	**Free**
Furniture, chief value of wood—chairs	**17 per cent**
others	**10½ per cent**
Glassware	**30 per cent to 50 per cent**
Handkerchiefs, linen, hemmed (plain)	**23 per cent to 30 per cent**
Hosiery	
nylon	**25¢ per lb. plus 35 per cent**
silk	**30 per cent**
wool	**37½¢ per lb. plus 20 per cent**

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to New York City looking for a summer festival find some of the festive air gone when they see a 5 per cent tax slapped on their hotel bill, all of which is dropped into the general civic slush fund and does not support the privately endowed New York City Convention and Visitor's Bureau (N.B.: New York's mayor, comptroller, and city council president, in a city which has had recent trouble paying its teachers, recently dealt themselves $10,000 raises, and all five borough presidents got $5,000 increases, and five of the boys ordered new Cadillacs at better than $8,000 each.) San Francisco, which also has a room tax, is trying to decide whether it will allow some of the money thus raised to be used for promotional purposes. In European resorts, where they shake the traveler down for everything including heating charges in the winter and air-conditioning charges in summer, the snide *taxe de séjour* has long been in operation, siphoning off a tithe from today's tourist to pay for the cost of seducing tomorrow's. The trend in this country seems to be following all the bad European examples, although, thankfully, no exit tax has been installed at U.S. international airports.

Despite all the harassments that global officialdom has managed to visit upon voyagers, it really *is*, as a lady in an East Side Manhattan saloon used to sing in the Forties, a big wide wonderful world, and I couldn't help but think, as I went around it this time at new speeds and new heights, that it would be a shame if someone blew it up.

—Horace Sutton.

Jewelry	
gold or platinum	30 per cent
silver	30 per cent
other	55 per cent
Leather articles—bags, cases, satchels, wallets	20 per cent
Linen, sheets pillowcases (plain)	10½ per cent
Neckties	
silk	32½ per cent
rayon or nylon	25¢ per lb. plus 27½ per cent
Paintings, drawing, sculptures, original	Free
Pearls, not strung, except temporarily	5 per cent
Perfumery (some brands restricted)	20¢ per lb. plus 18¾ per cent
Prints, maps, lithographs, printed over 20 years	Free
Precious and semiprecious stones, cut but not set, suitable for jewelry	5-10 per cent
Pipes, tobacco, valued over $5 per doz.	2½¢ each plus 20 per cent
Records, phonograph (some trade marks restricted)	12½ per cent
Silver (not sterling or cutlery) and silverplated tableware	21 per cent
Sterling	25 per cent
Suits	
silk	32½ per cent
synthetic	25¢ per lb. plus 27½ per cent
wool valued over $4 per lb.	37½¢ per lb. plus 21 per cent
Table linen, damask (plain, not embroidered)	12½ per cent
Toilet preparations, including cosmetics (some brands restricted)	18¾ per cent (plus 20¢ per lb. if alchoholic)
Toys, metal—figures	21 per cent
mechanical	44 per cent
other	35 per cent
Umbrellas, except ornamented with lace, fringe	20 per cent
Woolens	
woven fabrics, over 4 oz. per sq. yd.	From 37½¢ per lb. and 25 per cent to 37½¢ per lb. and 60 per cent
knit outerwear, valued over $5 per lb.	37½¢ per lb. and 20 per cent
other outerwear, valued over $4 lb.	37½¢ per lb. and 21 per cent
wearing apparel, if embroidered or ornamented	42½ per cent
blankets	30¢ per lb. and 30 per cent

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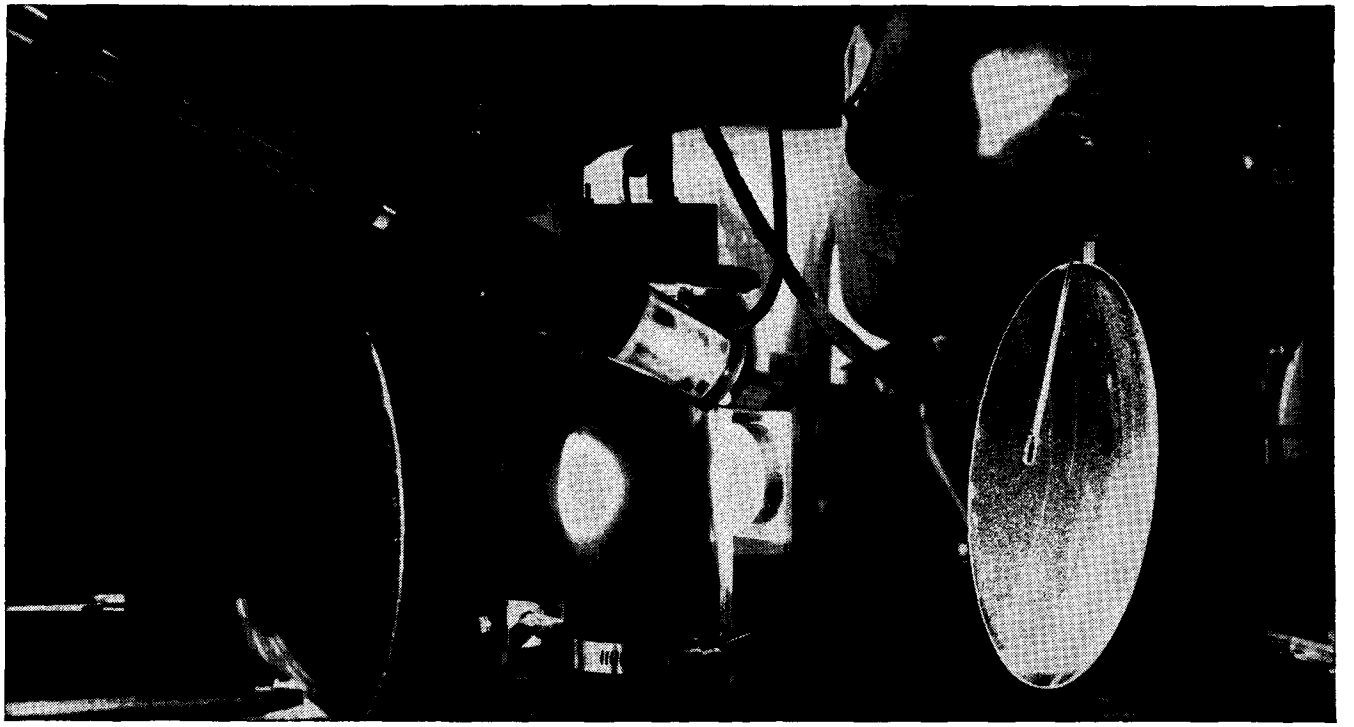

Exploring the possibilities in Coherent Light

At Bell Laboratories, Donald F. Nelson studies a beam of coherent red light produced by a continuously operating ruby optical maser. The heart of the device is a uniquely shaped ruby crystal immersed in liquid nitrogen in the tubular glass dewar extending from upper left to center. Light from the mercury arc lamp (lower center) is reflected by round mirror at left to mirror at right and then is focused on the ruby crystal to produce maser action. Coherent light emerging from end of dewar is picked up by a detector.

Is it feasible to take advantage of the enormous bandwidth available at optical frequencies? Could coherent light, for example, be sent through protecting pipes to provide high-capacity communication channels between cities?

To study such possibilities it is, first of all, necessary to have a source of continuous coherent radiation at optical frequencies. Such a source was first produced when Bell Laboratories scientists developed the gaseous optical maser.

Recently, our scientists demonstrated the generation of continuous coherent light by solid materials. Using a crystal of neodymium-doped calcium tungstate, a material developed at Bell Laboratories, continuous optical maser action was obtained in the near infrared. It has also been attained with visible light, using a new optical "pumping" arrangement to excite a ruby crystal. (See illustration above.)

Multichannel light highways for communications are still far from realization. But with continuous sources of coherent light available, it becomes possible to explore the problems of modulating, transmitting, detecting, amplifying and, in general, controlling light for possible communications applications.

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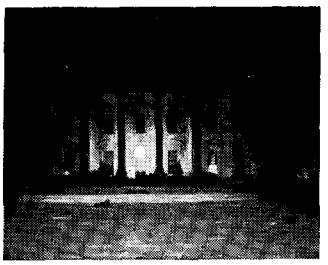

—*Horydczak*

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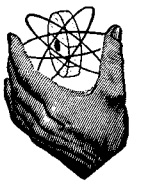

DEPARTMENTS: Research in America • Personality Portrait LXXIV • The Research Frontier • Letters to the Science Editor

ARTICLE: If Cancer is Cured Someday—

RESEARCH IN AMERICA

SUMMONS TO SCIENCE: APPLY THE HUMAN EQUATION

AN unprecedented message from the White House appeared in the 20 April 1962 issue of *Science*, official journal of the American Association for the Advancement of Science. Its significance was stated very quietly in an editorial note:

"This report was prepared at the request of the President's Science Advisory Committee. Because of its general interest for the scientific community at large, it is being released for publication.

—JEROME B. WIESNER,
President's Special Assistant
for Science and Technology."

The long statement to which Professor Wiesner thus attached his name was written by a behavioral science subpanel of the President's Science Advisory Committee, and constituted the first public challenge a President of the United States had ever given to science to predict, identify, and deal promptly and effectively with the social consequences of its own explosive growth.

The major obligation for response was placed on behavioral scientists who have the skills to measure the social impact of science on the people's daily lives. The White House paper urged these men and women to unleash their courage and their imaginations together, and to design research experiments on a scale worthy of the problems of modern democracy. There was an implicit recognition that good minds have been hobbled up to now by fear of disapproval of the larger body of science, which is made up of physical scientists whose traditional belief denies the possibility of applying scientific rigor to the study of human behavior. To put the real status so explicitly in an official communique would have been impolitic, and the definition was softened to read: "Behavioral science has profited from general interest in scientific progress and has received modest but increasing support in recent years. This support, however, has not yet been as effective as it might be, mainly because it has not yet met certain needs." Any doubt of true meaning was removed by two succeeding sentences: "Yet the general issues studied by behavioral scientists are critically important to our national welfare and security. Ways must be found to strengthen these disciplines and improve their use."

By way of further lessening the unwritten rebuke to the physicists, chemists, geologists, astronomers and other practitioners of physical science who comprise the majority of the membership of the AAAS and of the readership of *Science*, the report referred at length to history.

"The scholarly disciplines from which behavioral sciences sprang were in most cases able to carry out their studies without the appurtenances of the empirical sciences," it said. "There is little general realization of what special research tools the behavioral sciences now require and insufficient acceptance of the need for providing them. A stage of growth has been reached where some kinds of research cannot be adequately conducted without substantial specialized laboratory equipment or extensive field research organizations.

"Furthermore, part of the difficulty lies with behavioral scientists themselves. Feeling that it is almost impossible to secure the really large funding required for a full-scale attack on many basic problems, most behavioral scientists have adapted their ideas and plans to fit available resources. For example, many inquiries that really require national sample surveys, covering people in various strata of society, in fact are based upon a purely local survey or are confined to data from a few haphazardly chosen individuals. Many laboratory experiments which require expensive equipment are not made, or are made inadequately. Sufficient funds to make possible the really large-scale support of fundamental projects that are intellectually and scientifically large have been lacking. There has tended to be a relatively lower upper limit on the size of grants for basic research in the behavioral sciences, as compared to those in the physical and biological sciences.

"Behavioral scientists can take a first step toward the solution of this problem by making serious and carefully-thought-through proposals for basic research whenever these proposals are justified by research opportunities, whether or not the required scale of support has been traditional. The existence and consideration of good proposals will do much to increase the possibilities of adequate support.

"We suggest that a particular effort be made to support basic-research ideas for behavioral science on a scale consistent with their importance and without regard to previous levels of funding."

The history-making White House document described some areas of great opportunity:

"Both fundamental research in the behavioral sciences and the application of scientific knowledge to human prob-

WHAT IS SOCIAL SCIENCE?

Definition of the social sciences varies with its source. All lists include anthropology, economics, political science, psychology, and sociology. Psychology is sometimes split two ways: experimental and social. Demography, physical anthropology and social geography are considered borderline or interdisciplinary, depending on the point of view.

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PERSONALITY PORTRAIT—LXXIV

SEMANTIC SPECIALIST: HIS WORD IS PEACE

Professor Charles E. Osgood Searches the Connotations that Block Agreement among Peoples on Its Definition

"HOW would you feel about going on living if Khrushchev came out in favor of life?"

Charlie Osgood asks questions like that of people who tell him they cannot agree with anything the Russians say or do. Because few others are asking such questions, there are a number of quarters in which Charlie has come to be thought of as rude. But in many other places those very same questions have made him known for towering courage, integrity, and humanity.

To his colleagues in the social sciences, Charlie is simultaneously an exasperation and an inspiration. The dichotomy comes in part from their inability to think of him otherwise than simply Charlie. Professor Charles Egerton Osgood, director of the Institute of Communications Research at the University of Illinois—his correct name and title—are just too stiff and stuffy.

Charlie Osgood overflows with the juices of life. He whacks an enthusiastic piano, twists a knowing hip on the dance floor; even his passive moments of sitting and listening are loud with the beat of jazz. Everything he gets involved in sweeps up the whole of him, and for all his dapper manner and gay mustache he is too old-fashioned to deny either the presence or the influence of his soul. His peers describe him in superlatives not often heard nowadays. "He is a magnificent defender of the underdog." "He is a dangerous enemy of power." "He will stop at nothing in fighting for the right, because this man is not only right but righteous."

Like all generators of original ideas, Charlie lives a running argument with society. Most of the time he wins on points. When the points run out, he wins on character. Every once in a while he loses, but he doesn't know that until long after everyone else has given up. On those occasions, it is hard for his listeners to sort the Protestant ethic from the intellectual content of his remarks. If there be a highball glass in his hand at the time, he may make some such ruthless thrust as: "Where are your guts?"

The utter sincerity of Charlie's position is never in doubt. He can always be counted on to do what he thinks right. He cannot be imagined doing anything for money or for prestige or for popularity or for power. Much of the time he does what many others think is right, too, and because they cannot always summon the courage to join him they feel guilty. That is bad enough when it happens only on the personal level, the intimate plane where men and women take their ultimate stand for or against certain types of behavior *vis-a-vis* their fellows. The guilt is infinitely worse when it moves out from the personal into the professional life. And that double-edged guilt is what Charlie, partly in guile but mostly in innocence, inflicts on those who most revere him.

For Professor Charles Egerton Osgood is unquestionably one of the ablest living psychologists. Intellectually, he is a rare spectacular. He throws off ideas as some people exhale cigarette smoke, and many of these concepts are so subtle that they hang in the mind or on the page of a book for years before anyone senses their piquancy. It was Charlie who invented "semantic differential," the ingenious device with which it is possible to measure actual dimensions of the connotations that give an identical word different psychological meanings in different cultures. By determining the extent of association between antitheses like "hot-cold," "weak-strong," "bright-dull," "good-bad" and an apparently unrelated word like "peace" or "headman," he demonstrated in the laboratory that the behaviour of ethnic and social groups often depends on perceptions quite remote from superficial appearance. Today he is extending that study to encompass national attitudes in such diverse places as India, Finland, Yugoslavia, Iraq, and Japan. Already he has discovered on this broad new front that some of the postwar misunderstanding between American officials and Japanese students may be traceable to the differing American and Japanese connotations of the one word "justice."

What could be more satisfying, esthetically as well as intellectually? Everyone agrees. Here is social science at its zenith. Here is a master experimental psychologist weaving his way slowly but surely from people to people, drawing the threads together in the wake of long and restless legs propelled by an ever-outward-reaching

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lems could be substantially assisted by making available better and more illuminating basic data about the structure and functioning of American society. We call attention to the great advance over the past generation in the quantity and quality of our information about the economy and to the effective use that is now made of such information in formulating and administering national economic policy. Similar benefits would flow from a corresponding advance in the quantity and quality of information about noneconomic aspects of behavior.

"A significant start has been made on the borderlines of economics—the collection of data on family budgets, for example, and on businessmen's expectations—and on the composition, characteristics, and movements of populations. A similar promising start has just been made with the establishment of a National Health Survey. A proposal has been made to establish a special National Family Welfare Survey in the Social Security Administration. But there are many significant aspects of behavior about which systematic data are almost completely lacking. We know something of how people spend their money, but almost nothing of how they spend their time. In addition to uses in basic research, behavioral data will become increasingly important in exploring the problems of the aged, in forecasting the effects of increased leisure on our society, and in many other matters of public policy. There are other areas where good systematic data would be invaluable and where they are now almost wholly lacking: travel and commuting habits, occupational aspirations, the preferences and choices of youth, and incidence of mental disturbance."

Special note was made of America's worst current domestic social dilemma: the growth of cities into regional complexes sometimes straddling several states. Existing transportation systems within these complexes tend to strangle rather than to encourage vital movements of peoples and goods. Need for applied research is obvious, but, the

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—Gerard P. Fletcher.

Charles Egerton Osgood

mind. This is a performance worthy of Charlie the scholar, Charlie the president of the American Psychological Association, Charlie the APA representative to the National Academy of Sciences, Charlie the chairman of the APA Committee on Psychology in National and International Affairs.

The trouble is that Charlie hasn't been content to continue on that course exclusively. He has taken a staggering side-jump from what he knows into what he thinks and hopes. He has landed smack in the eye of the public mind, which is focussed on fear of nuclear war. Before that gazing orb he has unrolled a manuscript headed "A Reasonable Way Out of the Mess We Are In."

The version of this paper which he read at the International Congress of Applied Psychology in Copenhagen last August is a sophisticated rendering of the Golden Rule. It assumes that what the American people want of the Russian people are signs of friendship and peace. Hence it proposes that the American people give the Russian people signs of friendship and peace. Not merely one sign, or two signs, or three signs, but a long series of signs, one after another. We decide beforehand what signs we can afford to give without real risk to our freedom, announce our decision, and give the first sign. Then we sit back and wait. As soon as we see an answering sign, we give another sign. Again we wait for an answer. And so on. Each sign is, of course, a concession. As time passes, and faith rises on both sides, the concessions grow.

To those who feel that such a unilateral course of action would be naive to the point of idiocy, Charlie points out that what he is proposing is merely the arms race in reverse.

"The arms race is a case of graduated and reciprocated unilateral action," he noted in Copenhagen. "It is unilateral in that the nation developing a new weapon, increasing its stockpile, or setting up a new military base does not make its action contingent upon any prior agreement with the other side. It is reciprocal, however, because each increment in military power by one side provides the stimulus for the other to try to catch up and get ahead. It is necessarily graduated, first by the irregular and somewhat unpredictable occurrences of technological break-throughs and second by the oscillating nature of the thrust stimulus itself."

SUPPOSE the American people would accept the idea of turning the arms race around and making it into a peace race. Why should the Russians choose to join that kind of race?

Because, Charlie said, their failure to reciprocate our signs of friendship and peace would strengthen anti-Russian feeling in America and encourage whatever party was in power in Washington to act inflexibly in the future.

Hardly a social scientist alive does not understand what Charlie is getting at and approve of getting at it. But many of them think it is wrong to get at it in the name of science. Because, they insist, it isn't scientific. There simply aren't enough demonstrable links yet between research in the social microcosm and research in the social macrocosm. Charlie does not dispute this view; he concurs in it, but goes on to observe that there may never be time to forge the necessary links if positive action is not taken soon to relieve international tension. "In the absence of any real science of international relations," he proposes, "what we do know about the principles of individual behavior may provide a model and at least a set of hypotheses about the behavior of nations."

This is discomfiting talk to the great body of social scientists. For all of them feel, in varying degrees, that their work has some relevance to the world scene. How much relevance? That is the crucial question. One researcher who has known Charlie Osgood for many years, loves him but cannot accept the unilateral concessions theory, summed wide reaction in giving his own opinion:

"No matter how wrong Charlie may be, what he is doing is important to social science. Up to now, students of human behavior have been totally ignored in public affairs. Charlie's bluntness has made people stop and listen. He has made them wonder whether the physicists know everything."

The walls of Charlie's home no longer echo the wild sound of dancing parties he threw when his wife, Patty, and their children, Philip and Gail, were younger. The task of leadership that he has undertaken is long and tiring. A man's feet can make him feel miserable. And nothing so tortures a foot as the repeated trying-on of other men's shoes.

—J. L.

White House paper observed, "this demand has been largely unmet, or met in piecemeal after-the-fact ways. . . .

"In most instances, applied research, if carried out, has been restricted to following after the action and evaluating its effects. Although the few such studies that have been conducted have clearly proved to be valuable, large scale action programs have seldom been accompanied or preceded by pilot studies which evaluated the several alternative actions that appeared equally attractive.

"In urban renewal, for example, the data necessary for rational actions in large scale programs could be provided by the establishment of pilot redevelopment programs of various types and the early comparison of their results. The need is especially great in those areas where an action taken now has consequences that continue far. . . .

"Whenever feasible, agencies whose missions involve actions that will have long lasting effects should conduct pilot programs incorporating adequate behavioral research prior to the activation of large scale programs, or at the very least, research on action programs should be undertaken simultaneously with the initiation of action and used to guide further development. This means starting trials now to prepare for the problems of the future."

Another critical domestic problem touched on by the White House paper was education. "Education has a national budget second only to that of national defense," it said. "Yet only a small fraction of one percent of this budget has been spent on research and development. This is one obvious reason for the failure of education to make technical advances comparable to those seen in other aspects of our national life. Moreover, for the past twenty-five years few outstanding research workers in the behavioral sciences have exhibited interest in educational research. Both of these deficiencies are beginning to be corrected, but more remains to be done. . . .

"The behavioral sciences can contribute to many problems of education,

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—*American Institute of Physics*

Dr. Frederick Seitz, President-elect, National Academy of Sciences.

such as increasing insightful learning in the classroom and changing those strong influences from fellow students that run counter to the goals of parents and teachers."

The Presidential summons to science closed with a relatively brief but sharp reference to the relationships between the American people and other peoples of the earth:

"Some of the most difficult, complex, and vital problems confronting our country are in the area of international relations. Behavioral science is relevant to various aspects of these problems. For example, in dealing with nations whose cultures are radically different from our own, much of the intuitive knowledge which the talented man-of-affairs uses so effectively in dealing with our own society may be irrelevant or actually misleading. Technical knowledge about the detailed nature of the society and the functional interdependence of its components is essential for effective communication, for judging the probable course of events, for leading cooperative efforts, or for giving the proper kind of assistance in the right way."

Building durable bridges between cultures historically remote from each other is not the simple human act it seems to many. The White House statement cautioned:

"Comparative study of different cultures began in the nineteenth century, stimulated by interest in human evolution. At first, anthropologists assumed that differences in custom would reflect different levels or steps on an orderly path of evolutionary ascent, with their own European, upper-class, late-Victorian society representing the highest stage. The customs and institutions of the technologically 'backward' societies were expected to reveal the steps through which more civilized man had evolved.

"As ethnographers began to collect their data, however, these early theories had to be discarded. Data showed clearly that each complex of interrelated customs, however strange and bizarre by Western standards, served the group's needs."

Why do different peoples acquire such contradictory habits? The answer remains to be discovered. As the White House report said, "We know much less about the principles that govern the learning of human social motivation than we do about those governing the learning of information or of skills."

How can change be brought about without violence to society? Again the report could only suggest:

"Anthropological research on changes in primitive societies, sociological research on communication, and psychological research on perception and problem solving are . . . beginning to fit together to provide an understanding of the conditions under which innovation occurs or fails to occur."

One misleading sentence marred the international passages in the White House document. The sentence read: "The establishment of a research and development section of the Agency for International Development is an excellent step." Actually, a research and development section has not yet been established in AID; the section was enthusiastically proposed by the White House and reluctantly authorized by the Congress (see SR/Research for 7 October 1961) but never brought into being. AID chief Fowler Hamilton has given priority to more obvious aspects of his responsibility. Criticism of his tactics is widespread, but may not be entirely just. At least some of his critics were not advised of his enlistment of Professor Vincent Barnett, an economist at Williams College, to launch the research unit as soon as the professor can free himself of commitments at Williams. The delay will continue probably until autumn 1962. Apparently the behavorial subpanel of Presidential advisors expected the Barnett appointment to be announced before the subpanel's own findings became public knowledge.

Partly because of discouragement over AID's failure to move more quickly to fulfill the unprecedented opportunities open before it, social scientists as a group received the Presidential subpanel report with emotions ranging from skepticism to bitter disappointment. Many felt humiliated by the extent to which the White House paper had been occupied with persuading the physical scientists that social science is, indeed, science. Detailed knowledge about human behavior had been welcome during World War II, which could not have been won without that knowledge. Now that uneasy peace prevailed, behavioral skills were suspect. Why?

ASIDE from the fact that the President's office went so far as to issue publicly, as a summons to the whole of science, a report that had been written originally to enlighten only the members of the President's Science Advisory Committee, the most significant dimension of the behavorial subpanel's work was its timing. Scientific tradition had been robbing the American people of vital advice from social scientists for two decades. Now, within a period of a few months, were scheduled a series of events which, moving as a constellation, could generate the power required to escape tradition.

One of these events occurred on the day this issue of SR went to press. It was the election of a new president of the National Academy of Sciences. The Academy was created by Abraham Lincoln at the close of the Civil War. Lincoln anticipated C. P. Snow by a hundred years, and moved to prevent the division of society into "the two cultures" which Snow now mourns. The Academy was intended to keep science and popular government constantly abreast. Perhaps because the Academy is a self-perpetuating body (whose members choose only those new members considered worthy by the old standards) while the government is periodically changed by the people, the team has never run evenly together for very long.

The incumbent Academy president, Dr. Detlev Bronk, a biologist possessed of one of the most acute political senses in existence, during his tenure never felt sufficiently sure of support to give the social sciences as much representation in the Academy as he has given them at the Rockefeller Institute, where he also presides. As a result, the White House behavioral subpanel report said, "the present facilities [of the Academy] for providing advice on questions in this area are inadequate. The role taken by the National Academy of Sciences . . . in physical and biological science is unfulfilled in behavioral science. At present the National Academy of Sciences represents only restricted segments of anthropology and psychology. Most areas of behavioral and social sciences, although relevant to many programs of governmental action, are entirely unrepresented. . . ."

The officially slated successor to Dr. Bronk as president of the Academy is

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Dr. Frederick Seitz, a University of Illinois physicist who has been prominent in the affairs of the American Institute of Physics and has served a term as Science Advisor to NATO. His attitude toward the work of pioneering behaviorists at Illinois (see Personality Portrait LXXIV on pages 36 and 37 for an example related to NATO's broader possibilities) is unknown. His election means that he will enter his new office on 1 July 1962 with this recommendation from the Presidential behaviorist subpanel already on his desk awaiting action:

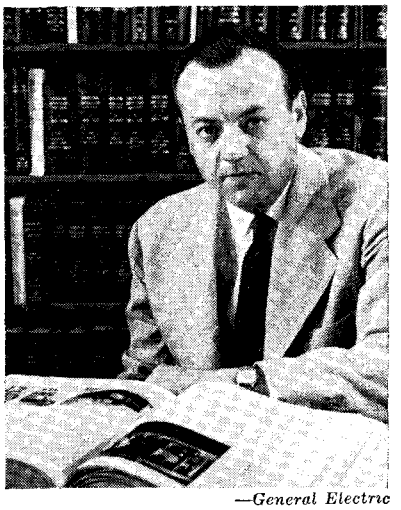
"In order to provide effective sources of behavioral science advice to government agencies, the structure of the National Academy of Sciences . . . should be broadened to include the areas of behavioral and social science not now represented."

Presumably any positive response to the recommendation would include nomination of a larger number of social scientists to membership in the Academy. One of the relatively few behaviorists now listed among the Academicians is Dr. Neal E. Miller of Yale, chairman of the White House subpanel and head of the puny division of anthropology and psychology in the Academy.

Since the Academy's present function in the scientific mechanism of Washinton is merely to shape research proposals for Assistant President Jerome Wiesner's office, it is plain that no amount of activity by the Academy will actually produce social science research projects unless enabling money is made available. The money can come from two science banking institutions in the government. One of these is the National Science Foundation.

The founding director of NSF, Dr. Alan Waterman, has done an admirable job of building an unwelcome upstart into a genuine force during the last twelve years. But he, like Dr. Bronk at the Academy, has not been able entirely to escape encirclement by the physical sciences. Eight years after NSF's birth, its social science budget totaled only $600,000. However, he has since established Dr. Henry Riecken as head of a social science division on equal footing with NSF's physical and science divisions, and social science grants have risen from $850,000 in 1959 to $2,100,000 in 1960, $3,400,000 in 1961 and $7,200,000 in 1962. Sometime between June 1962, when he reaches the age of seventy years, and April 1963, when a new boss of NSF will be named for a six-year term, Dr. Waterman must retire. His successor will enter office in a new atmosphere, with expanded authority.

Under the NSF law of today, Dr. Waterman is subservient to a National Science Board of Presidential appointees. Research projects proposed to him by advisory panels of scientists must also go to the Board, which can delay or overrule his decisions or even push through projects he does not approve. Under a Presidential order that will take effect at the end of May unless Congress acts to block it, the NSF chief in future alone will receive the panel recommendations. Thus he will hold the power of preliminary approval or rejection. The Presidential directive gives him further power as a voting member of a five-man executive committee of the National Science Board in all other decisions.



—*General Electric*

Dr. Herbert Holloman, Assistant Secretary of Commerce for Science and Technology

WHOEVER follows Dr. Waterman will find awaiting him this pronouncement by the White House behavioral subpanel: "A clear responsibility . . . lies with the federal government to exercise leadership" in the employment of social science in public affairs. Specifically, the subpanel recommended that NSF form a special study group on ways and means to collect and use "reliable data . . . on the conditions, customs, and patterns of behavior in societies other than our own." Consultation to this end was suggested between NSF and the Smithsonian Institution, the National Research Council (affiliate of the National Academy of Sciences), the National Institutes of Health and the U.S. National Commission for UNESCO.

Of course there is in the Federal government a far richer science bank than NSF. This is the Executive Office itself, including the Departments represented in the President's Cabinet. Here the most meaningful changes of all are taking place. The Presidential order earlier referred to will establish for the first time in the White House a permanent Office of Science and Technology headed by a Director subject to call before appropriate committees of the Congress. The Director will be paid $22,500 a year and will be given the responsibility originally assigned to NSF "to evaluate scientific research programs undertaken by agencies of the Federal government." No scheme of organization for this office has yet been announced, but it is supposed that Assistant President Wiesner will assume the Directorship. He will have a $20,500-a-year Deputy whose identity is now the subject of speculation. Retention of the President's Science Advisory Committee is taken for granted among scientists, who also expect the Council for Science and Technology to be continued.

It is the Council's function to apportion work toward general scientific objectives among the several Departments. Ultimately, the hope is to have each Department represented on the Council by an Assistant Secretary for Science and Technology. To date, only one civilian Department has acquired such a functionary (State and Interior have Science Advisors with no line authority). The exception is Commerce, and the Assistant Secretary is Dr. Herbert Holloman, from General Electric, an expert in the new materials everyone is hunting for tomorrow's world.

Dr. Holloman's appointment holds many potential encouragements for social science, but the Department that is being watched most closely for signs of a determined push on the social science front is Justice, headed by President John F. Kennedy's dynamic younger brother, Robert. Justice Department involvement in scientific studies of juvenile delinquency and crime is inevitable. The timing that Attorney General Kennedy chooses will reveal grand policy.

The finest advice available on social science cannot be commanded even by a President of the United States. It can only be invited, from a private organization dedicated to a non-political approach to scientific research: the Social Science Research Council, headed by Pendleton Herring and quartered in the tower of New York's Grand Central Station. The invitation was issued in the report of the White House behavioral subpanel, whose membership included SSRC's board chairman, Dr. Herbert Simon, of the Carnegie Institute of Technology. On the two following pages, a young man who enjoys Dr. Herring's trust explains the ambivalence with which the social scientists approach their next frontier.

John Lear,
Science Editor

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THE RESEARCH FRONTIER

—SSRC

WHERE IS SCIENCE TAKING US? *Deeper into ourselves. And we should welcome rather than resent the experience. For as millions more of us crowd the earth and slowly meld into one global society, peace can be kept among us only if we understand how we differ because of our variant upbringings.*

Social scientists may never be able to measure personality with the same exactitude chemists now employ in mixing their compounds. But an amazing amount has already been learned in terms of valuable approximates. Indeed, the question is no longer whether inter-personal relationships can be analyzed sufficiently to merit inclusion of the results in the category of science; the question is how quickly knowledge accumulated at the personal level can be extrapolated to the infinitely more complex problems that exist between nations.

BY FRANCIS PALMER
Social Science Research Council

MANY psychologists long used to observing the human being and his institutions with detachment essential for their work are taking a fresh look at the world and asking if there is anything psychologists can do to contribute to the reduction of international tensions. Some, with almost evangelistic zeal, have joined peace marches or mounted public platforms to lend their academic status to pleas for disarmament or an end to nuclear testing. Others, less numerous, are taking a closer look at the fruits of their scientific labors for implications about the give and take of trans-cultural negotiations.

Tension reduction, conflict resolution, and small group communications at the *interpersonal* level have been favorite subjects for psychological research during the past decade. The work of Fritz Heider at the University of Kansas, Leon Festinger at Stanford, the late Carl Hovland at Yale, and others have shown that some, but not all, of the myriad hypotheses about man's behavior observed in literature and legend are correct. To illustrate, this research has shown that under a variety of conditions man does polarize his judgments more under stress, thinks in blacks and whites, and consequently is less likely to accept intermediate solutions more appropriate to his problem. Once he is publicly committed to one of several alternatives, the individual becomes less receptive to subsequent disconfirming information about his choice. Given two persons whose attitudes towards a third are known, it is possible to predict with considerable accuracy the opinions that the two hold of each other. And two individuals presented with the same information under apparently identical circumstances can perceive the contents of the message quite differently if previous messages to the two have differed.

While none of the investigators referred to would pretend to understand all of the ramifications of these findings (they might even object to seeing them mentioned in the present context), the truth is that we have available today more information about the influences involved in decision-making and attitude-formation than ever before. Some of these data may (I repeat *may*) have implications for the international situation.

Some scientists are asking whether there is valid transfer from our knowledge about interpersonal behavior to what happens in international affairs. Perhaps more important, they are asking if there are implications in existing research for further research the results of which might be brought more directly to bear on critical problems such as disarmament and international tension.

Basic research on the process of decision-making and on other behavior patterns of small groups of people would imply that in bargaining at a conference table one can press his advantage too far and emphasize his opponent's weakness too much under certain conditions. That is, if a sufficient amount of anxiety is produced in the opponent, he may regress to the black-and-white choice which more than likely will be in the direction of commitment he had previously held. Are there implications in existing research for further research on this topic which would be of value to the various negotiating groups representing the Soviet Union and the United States?

Such questions are asked cautiously, because it is a long leap from the study of small group behavior in a psychological laboratory to behavior at a conference table in Geneva. Furthermore, the questions are being asked by only a few because presumptuous application of basic findings to more general and applied conditions is almost heresy in science. Only those most sensitive to the world situation and their obligations to it will risk censure and ridicule in return for the fundamentally unwelcome diversion from their own work.

CERTAINLY some aspects of trans-cultural negotiations do include aspects of behavior which are relevant to those listed above, which are open to empirical investigation, and for which there is little systematic information at the present time. For example, our government has adopted broad policy committing it to actions which *to the best of our knowledge* will be deterrents to war. Let us assume that a specific one of those acts is consistent with what most Americans would perceive as a deterrent. We know that individuals within our own culture perceive messages differently when they have had dissimilar past experiences related to the contents of the message. How, then, can we be certain that those in other cultures, friend or adversary, will perceive our act as we perceive it? Or grant that an act of ours, perceived by others as aggressive, might in fact be a deterrent; would not data about how others would perceive that act still be valuable in making subsequent decisions?

Extensive and systematic collection of such data in countries where it is easily accessible does not exist, although some very valuable information of this kind has come from the U.S. Information Agency. Some have thought of the possibility of an arrangement whereby reciprocal sampling of public opinion by the United States and Russia might be undertaken. But such an experiment has not yet been tried. Empirical studies of this nature, designed to see ourselves as others see us, would not be difficult to implement. They might prove valuable for our decision makers.

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The Social Science Research Council throughout its history has been dedicated above all to the integrity of research. It has held aloof from political ties that might compromise its position. The older members in its ranks are, therefore, hesitant about accepting the White House behavioral subpanel's suggestion that the Council maintain a standing committee to advise the Federal government. On the other hand, they have no wish to be obstructionist. Exploration of alternatives therefore can be expected, along the lines suggested below by Staff Associate Francis H. Palmer.

The important question is whether recent research has less obvious implications for the international scene. The problem of implementing research which clearly should be done but is not being done requires support and organization of a quite different order from the logistics of recruiting psychologists to focus on the little-explored possibilities of applying our knowledge about the microcosm of interpersonal behavior to the international macrocosm.

A little over a year ago, Urie Bronfenbrenner, a Russian-speaking social psychologist at Cornell University, returned from his second visit to the Soviet Union with the hypothesis that there are many areas of belief for which the American and Soviet citizens mirror one another. We feel that the Soviet government exploits and deludes its people. The Russians feel that our government exploits and deludes us. We feel that they cannot be trusted to live by the letter of an agreement. They feel that we cannot be trusted.

The American view is that Russia is the warmonger bent on imposing its system on the rest of the world. Witness Czechslovakia, Berlin, Hungary, and now Cuba and the Congo. The Soviet Union consistently blocks Western proposals for disarmament by refusing inspection controls.

The Soviet view is that America is the warmonger bent on imposing its power on the rest of the world and on the Soviet Union itself. Witness American intervention in 1918, Western encirclement after World War II with American troops and bases on every border of the USSR (West Germany, Norway, Turkey, Korea, Japan), intransigence over proposals to make Berlin a free city, intervention in Korea, Taiwan, Lebanon, Guatemala, Cuba. America has repeatedly rejected Soviet disarmament proposals while demanding the right to inspect within Soviet territory—finally attempting to take the right by force through deep penetration of Soviet air space.

The American view is that Soviet demands on such crucial problems as disarmament, Berlin, and unification are completely unrealistic. Disarmament without adequate inspection is meaningless, a "free Berlin" would be equivalent to a Soviet Berlin, and a united Germany without free elections is an impossibility. In pursuit of their irresponsible policies the Soviets do not hesitate to run the risk of war itself. Thus it is only due to the restraint and coordinated action of the Western alliance that Soviet provocations over Berlin did not precipitate World War III.

The Soviet view is that the American position on such crucial problems as disarmament, East Germany, and China is completely unrealistic. We demand to know their secrets before we disarm; in Germany we insist on a policy which risks the resurgence of a fascist Reich; and as for China, we try to act as if it did not exist while at the same time supporting an aggressive puppet regime just off the Chinese mainland. And in pursuit of these irresponsible policies, the Americans do not hesitate to run the risk of war itself. Were it not for Soviet prudence and restraint, the sending of U2's deep into Russian territory could easily have precipitated World War III.

In spite of the differences of experience, their attitudes about us and ours about them are similar.

RECENTLY Bronfenbrenner returned from another trip to Russia. In one sense, he felt, his earlier mirror image hypothesis had been confirmed. That is, many of the Soviet perceptions of us do mirror our perceptions of the Russians. But he is less certain than before that the process by which they come to that conclusion is the same as the process we appear to experience. He suggests that the very different early social experiences of the two peoples lead to differential perception of a message in the manner which our research would lead up to expect but that the fundamental process by which these perceptions are formed may differ as a result of growing up and living in different cultures. In essence, he fears that the capacity of the two peoples to perceive the same message differently is even greater than he originally supposed.

If this process by which people learn to perceive does differ among cultures, it may or may not be relevant to an action on our part so long as we know how the other people perceives our action. However, information about the process itself would contribute to our general understanding about the other culture, and presumably would make us more effective in our future dealings.

Is there research that we could do on other cultures that would give us usable information on the relationship between socialization practices and subsequent social perception? Perhaps accumulated data from cultures which are accessible to us, but which are substantially different from ours, would contribute basic information that could be extrapolated and used in our negotiations. Here again, the fact that such studies come to mind so readily is an indication that I am leaving my point. Are there implications from our present research which do not come readily to mind?

Perhaps you can recall your image of the German and Japanese soldier during World War II. Has your image of those people changed? If so, was your previous image influential in any personal decisions you made before the change? Did the image we as a nation had of those countries influence important national decisions at the time that image prevailed? Is there implication for policy makers in the knowledge that with increased anxiety the individual regresses in his thinking and tends to make conclusions in blacks and whites? Could new research be brought to bear on the broader problem?

Such questions must be left to the few behavioral scientists who are intimately aware of the existing data on interpersonal behavior, who will approach the problem *without previous commitment* or even without assuming that data on interpersonal behavior is necessarily relevant to international behavior.

Left to their own choosing, psychologists would prefer to let relevance to such broader problems become evident in the natural course of research, which would evolve step by step from existing knowledge and not attempt to leap the gap from the person to the nation. They know that there may be little relevance between their present work and the larger context. But there are some who will respond to the frustration we all feel with respect to what we can do about the world around us, and who will choose to act with the tools and knowledge they know best.

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IF CANCER IS CURED SOMEDAY—

It May Be Due To Detective Work Like This

—Atlantic City.

AT the center of the tangle of mysteries that constitute cancer is imbedded the following conundrum. A cancerous cell is the offspring of a normal cell. Therefore, a cancerous cell *is* a mutant cell. The evolutionary process of life requires that the body of every person at one time or another if not constantly contain thousands of mutant cells. The great majority of these mutants are somehow disposed of harmlessly. What is nature's disposal system and why doesn't it get rid of all the mutants?

The answer to the riddle must lie in a set of circumstances that favors multiplication of normal cells at the expense of the "sports." In the belief that such circumstances would have to depend on a particular substance or substances which selectively nourish normal cells and poison abnormals, many researchers have hunted individual chemicals capable of recognizing the presence of cancer in the midst of an otherwise healthy body and further able to remove the unwelcome guest without injuring the host.

The search for the wise chemicals has been long, tedious, expensive, and frustrating. It has been conducted with exceedingly small imagination and (I say this hopefully) may be slowed down or stopped altogether as a futile extravagance because of something that happened in this Atlantic seaside resort in mid-April.

The happening was a report of discovery of a set of circumstances in which the growth of cancer cells in laboratory retorts is inhibited in favor of the growth of normal cells.

As might have been predicted by anyone familiar with the history of science, the discovery did not arise from a bottle-by-bottle sampling of chemicals on a shelf; the finding came in the logical course of seeking understanding of a natural event.

What can be told of the yet unfinished story at this point was told to the 49th annual meeting of the Federation of American Societies for Experimental Biology by Dr. Jorgen Fogh, Danish-born chief of the Sloan-Kettering Institute for Cancer's cell research laboratory in Rye, N.Y. Speaking for himself and a laboratory collaborator, Mr. Bruce Allen, Dr. Fogh traced the following path to what could turn out to be one of the rare moments of decision in the history of healing:

Eight years ago a global search was made for a living tissue that would be a superior substitute for monkey kidney as a culture on which to grow the poliomyelitis virus. In Nobel laureate Wendell Stanley's lab on the Berkeley campus of the University of California, Mrs. Elsa Zitser, a virus lab technician then working with Dr. Fogh and a graduate student, Miss Thelma Dunnebacke, found the ideal stuff. This was the amnion, the inner lining of the human placenta.

The powers that rule the polio world decided against using amnion tissue despite the fact that amnion is the only human tissue that has outlived its natural usefulness once it emerges from the womb with the newborn child. Before this decision became known, however, Dr. Fogh's interest in the amnion deepened for another, more fundamental reason. He had discovered that after two or three months of growing, the normal amnion cells were invaded by small colonies of mutant cells. The number of the intruders was low—perhaps one stranger to every 10,000 normal residents—but the phenomenon was persistent.

Were the strangers cancer cells?

Dr. Fogh took the question and its various implications with him when he left the Stanley lab to move eastward. A year and a half ago he joined the Sloan-Kettering staff and settled down to the task of digging out the answer. In the course of determining that the answer was positive, he ran into far more fascinating questions.

The amnion is only one cell thick. It is stripped from inside the placenta and placed in a solution of trypsin, an enzyme which dissolves the membrane into constituent cells and suspends the cells as individuals in the liquid. It is then possible to remove as many cells as desired and put them into flasks with food on which to grow and multiply. The walls of the flasks quickly become covered with sheets of descendants of the original cells.

Dr. Fogh grew many sheets of normal amnion cells in his lab flasks. He also grew many sheets of amnion malignants, which he christened with the two initials, FL. In their separate habitats, the two types of cells displayed no particularly memorable behavior. But when he placed small colonies of amnion malignants in the same flasks with normal amnion cells, he observed the following series of remarkable occurrences:

(1)—The greater the number of malignant colonies he introduced, the less each such colony would grow.

(2)—The greater the number of normal cells present, the fewer were the malignant colonies and the smaller each colony.

(3)—The malignant colonies would destroy normal cells around them—up to a certain distance. But the area of destruction did not increase in proportion to the number of new recruits Dr. Fogh rushed in for the attack.

All three of these events could logically be explained by a shortage of food. But Dr. Fogh saw to it that there was always plenty of food on hand to go around, with some to spare.

It seemed obvious to him that something was inhibiting the growth of the amnion cancer cells. It seemed equally plain from the sequence of events that the something was produced by the normal cells after they were attacked by the malignant cells.

SOMEWHERE, then, in the liquid surrounding normal and malignant amnion cells living together, there must be a substance or substances possessing the ability to discriminate between normal and cancerous growth and to curb the cancer without affecting the healthy cells.

The identity of the substance or substances has not yet been established.

The exact circumstances which set it or them to work is likewise unknown.

The way the work is done is another mystery.

But man for the first time has found a something with the power to stop one form of cancer while doing no apparent harm whatever to normal growth.

—Will Jonathan.

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LETTERS TO THE SCIENCE EDITOR

THE ROCK TIDES

With regard to the interesting article by Woodriff and Goering ["Do the Mountains of Earth Come from the Moon?" *SR*, Mar. 3], and your note on their lunar mountain-building theory, I would like to make a few comments.

Certainly the Woodriff-Goering idea is of interest, and can, at least in part, be verified. The atomic structure of metals (their analogy) is far different from that of crystals, and even more different from that of rocks. Solid-state ionic diffusion in a crystal under a weak stress field will be much less than in a metal because of the greater degree of crystal order. Ions do not "flow" under bending stresses with the same order of magnitude as in metals because there is a strong energy barrier to be overcome. Furthermore, an intermittent stress (lunar) will be far less effective than a continuing stress. Any intra-crystal effects would be surprising.

Other problems arise too. There is no evidence that crystal strain has occurred as a *cause* of mountain-building, but rather as an after-the-fact *resultant* of tectonic forces. What explanation can lunar tidal forces offer for the distribution and linearly arcuate shapes of orogenic belts, even considering the possibility of continental drift? If the moon force were to build mountain chains on the earth, the much greater earth force should produce huge differences on the moon. The little evidence available suggests that the reverse side of the moon is not vastly different [from the hemisphere that faces earth].

During early stages of earth formation, before great crustal thicknesses existed, the lunar force would have been more effective than now, but perhaps still insignificantly so. Viscous media or glass-like structures would seem more amenable to such an hypothesis.

However, regardless of the actuality, *SR* is to be congratulated for its presentation of stimulating ideas in science. I know of no other popular, literary magazine with this coverage.

Davis M. Lapham,
Mineralogist,
Pennsylvania Geological Survey.
Harrisburg, Pa.

Editor's note: *The senior author of the mountain-building theory, Dr. Ray Woodriff (he is, incidentally, a professor of chemistry at Montana State College who taught geology at the college for several years before the study of geology was separated from the school's chemistry department) offers the following points in rebuttal to the above letter: (1) the theory depends more on the limited experimental experience with rock-like ceramic and cement than on metals; (2) since the earth is a globe, and the tidal pull of the moon is felt on a global scale, arc-shaped belts of strain and surface buckling along the edges of broad sweeps of ocean would be logical concomitants of the theory; and it is precisely in such locations that we see arcs of volcanoes and earthquake activity; (3) the moon is not thought to be plastic, as the earth is; in any case, since the same hemisphere of the moon always faces the earth, whatever effect there may be of the tidal pull of the earth on the moon probably takes the form of a fixed bulge rather than a moving tide.*

HUDSON ONLY FOUND IT

In the April 7 issue of *SR* you use the name Hudson*'s* Bay.

I have always thought it to be Hudson Bay (but the Hudson*'s* Bay Company).

Will you check this?

John A. Livingston.
West Haven, Conn.

Editor's note: *Hudson Bay is correct.*

A GOOD NAME

With regard to the sketch on myself [Personality Portrait LXXIII] I feel that I was given rather more than justice. I note that you refer to me as John Beals and while I am fully aware of the religious, journalistic and political eminence associated with the name John, I am afraid that I cannot lay claim to it. My name is Carlyle Beals and I was named for Thomas Carlyle for whom I have a limited admiration. While this name may not be as good as "John," nevertheless, it is my name and I propose to stick with it.

May I congratulate you on the interesting scientific articles in *Saturday Review* and offer you my best wishes for the future.

C. S. Beals,
Dominion Astronomer.
Ottawa, Canada

QUIET, PLEASE

I am of the opinion that *SR* should *not* publish scientific articles devoted almost wholly to the speculative views of the authors on a particular subject. Rather I would urge the publication of *Review* articles in which the authors can, in a natural and balanced way, include a discussion of current ideas. Such articles, rather than the headlined revelation of a brand new theory, *would* be useful in informing us concerning the nature of science in general, and in making us aware of the past successes, present problems, and future plans of scientists working in a particular area.

Saul T. Epstein
Professor of Physics
University of Nebraska.
Lincoln, Neb.

METEORITE SHOCK WAVE

Re: "When is an Idea Fit to Print?"

It is shocking that the Science Editor suggests, by inference, that the seven gentlemen from La Jolla should keep hidden from the public the fact that they seriously question work done in their field, regardless of the competence and eminence of the author of the work. Is it not the responsibility of a conscientious scientist to strongly protest when he feels a piece of work is erroneous and the public is being misled? Is it not the responsibility of a science editor to report on the "impartial study of verifiable phenomena" in an impartial way? He, too, is being supported by the public. We laymen have the right to expect him to give us a fair, scrupulous report on both sides of a theory when it becomes so obvious, as in this case, that there are two sides.

Mrs. John A. Knauss.
Kingston, R.I.

Editor's note: *SR's Science Editor also is shocked by the inference.*

I enjoyed some of your reviews of science and research in previous issues of *Saturday Review*. However, your last effort, "When is a New Idea Fit to Print?" gives one a sad impression of your role as editor. Here you are not the impartial editor. Here you are partial and opinionated. In the last two paragraphs of the article you are vindictive and scurrilous. Are you attempting to use the prestige of the Seven Eminent Scientists to increase the circulation of *SR*?

W. W. Duecker.
Pelham Manor, N.Y.

At the time you published Dr. Gilvarry's theory I was working for the Geological Survey in Washington, D.C. After reading the article I trotted my issue down to the office to show to several of my cohorts, all geologists. They read it and we discussed and argued. I don't know that they all agreed with Dr. Gilvarry but I can say that we all found the theory very interesting and exciting.

I have always been grateful to *SR* for publishing the type of material appearing in *SR*/Science. The "seven eminent scientists" from La Jolla should realize that there are many people like myself who are interested in the various aspects of the scientific world but who, due to lack of time and/or a lack of technical background, do not or cannot peruse the many scientific journals.

Congratulations to *SR* and to Mr. Lear.

(Mrs.) Phyllis S. Wilson.
Grand Junction, Colo.

Your defense of the publication of the Gilvarry theory struck a particularly cogent note when you related it to the right of the layman to share in new scientific concepts at their formative stage, rather than being obliged to wait until the high priests of science decide what is "safe" for the rest of us to know.

It might be worth pointing out to these well-meaning guardians of science that the pioneer in any field of scientific inquiry must rely heavily upon the intuitive processes; and in this initial phase, the intuitively alert layman can occasionally contribute to the specialists, without necessarily being another Benjamin Franklin or a Leonardo da Vinci. In other words, if a new, unestablished theory is exposed to public scrutiny, it is not improbable that this exposure will generate an intuitive breakthrough from an unexpected quarter.

Just to demonstrate my point, the Gilvarry theory on the formation of the ocean-beds suggested to this layman-reader an idea that may or may not have scientific merit. If, as the La Jolla group claims, it seems unlikely that the youthful moon was blanketed with water, thereby upsetting the Gilvarry theory somewhat, is it not still possible that crashing meteorites

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found their explosive impact on the moon flattened by a mud-like, shallow "sea" of smoking, semi-hardened primeval surface substances? In fact, couldn't this have been the situation on the primitive earth, as well? And as for the "circular" argument, who can say what jagged shapes the giant, plunging meteorites of our planetary birthday-week may have assumed, or how many overlapping, smaller meteorites may have torn at the edges of the original cavities?

W. H. Church.

Los Angeles, Calif.

This is to say cheers for your masterly article in *SR*/7 Apr. 62.

The so-called scientific community is a confederacy of thought clones, some of which have made the world a better place in which to live. But there are others who would, if their power so extended, snuff out the verve in each new intellectual harvest.

Dr. Gilvarry's hypothesis comes just at a time when the test for it is at hand. Much of the so-called accepted gas in any field of science can never be put to test and it remains in the treasure chest out of tradition rather than validity. It's a lot easier to compress a set of newly uncovered facts into a pre-existing straight jacket than to seek out a new order into which they might fit.

Paul Pietsch,
Ass't Prof. of Anatomy
University of Buffalo.

Buffalo, N.Y.

Thank you for "When Is A New Idea Fit To Print?" I am a bit shaken over the narrow-mindedness of the gentlemen from La Jolla, and I hope that it isn't professional jealousy that has precipitated their protest.

John K. Holmes.

Andover, Mass.

May I Rush to the defense of your brave science editor, although, in my case, he has repeatedly acted exactly as his seven unwise scientific virgins recommend—that is, he has not published my revolutionary ideas, because they did not come out of a scientific publication. I have been very sore at him because of this, as well as at all the other journalists who are obliged, by their editorial rules, to follow the same practice.

Scientists are only men and seem to have studied nature in excess and followed the practice of birds staking out "territories" for themselves. The birds peck at and kill any others trying to invade their domains.

Agatha Magnus.

Pasadena, Calif.

I personally am not competent to pass any judgment on the technical aspects of the La Jolla controversy, but I do feel very strongly that any hypothesis which has even the remotest possibility of eventually leading to the establishments of truth should be presented before the scientific community for all to see and study. Obviously, it must be presented for what it is—purely an hypothesis. We should have confidence and faith, however, that as the body of knowledge builds regarding an hypothesis, it should be refuted or changed to a theory which can eventually be established as a scientific fact.

I have thoroughly enjoyed your presentations in the *Saturday Review* and I trust that you will continue to be courageous.

Maurice L. Albertson,
Director,
Colorado State University
Research Foundation.

Fort Collins, Colo.

Some of the difficulty met in your publication of Gilvarry's "theory" arises from the fact that the word theory is much abused today inside and outside of science. For example, in political science we find: "Theory is often employed as a synonym for thoughts, conjectures, or ideas." (*Political Science: Philosophical Analysis* by Vernon Van Dyke, Stanford University Press, 1960.) In science we often see the word theory applied both to hypotheses of potential general significance and to hypotheses with such narrow limitations that once the hypothesis is established it is nothing more than a new fact.

These loose uses of the word theory are wrong today if we adhere to the good advice given more than half a century ago by the geologist T. C. Chamberlin: "I use the term theory here as a name for 'precipitate explanation' instead of hypothesis because the latter is associated with a better controlled and more circumspect habit of mind. This restrained habit of mind leads to the use of the less assertive term hypothesis, while the mind in the habit here sketched more often believes itself to have reached the higher ground of a theory and more often employs the term theory."

In modern usage the term theory should be reserved for those hypotheses of broad, general significance which have undergone much testing and development, usually by a number of competent persons, and which possess an internal structure consisting of a network of reasoned relationships' interconnecting facts and ideas.

A quotation from Darwin is apropos of the disagreement between the *SR* editor and the scientists. "In scientific investigations it is permitted to invent any hypothesis, and if it explains various large and independent classes of facts it rises to the rank of a well-grounded theory."

Now that an interesting debate has been started, I hope *SR* will fan it and draw into the discussion men from all areas of organized knowledge.

Prof. Ralph W. Lewis,
Dept. of Natural Science,
Michigan State University.

East Lansing, Mich.

TYPOGRAPHICAL SURGERY

In The Process of providing an interesting and otherwise informative interpretation of cancer cure statistics in your issue of April 7, Drs. Osler L. Peterson and H. Jack Geiger—or perhaps your typesetters and copy readers; it's comforting to imagine that doctors are somewhat more careful—propagated figures far more misleading than those they set out to correct. As published, the chart appended to their article, "Auditing Cancer Research" clearly indicates that over half the female victims of lung and bronchial cancer are currently being cured. Alas, it isn't so. The cure rates of 53 per cent in the 1940s and 55 per cent in the 1950s apply to breast cancer only. The statistics given for breast cancer—26 per cent cured in the 1940s and 32 per cent in the 1950s—describe ovarian cancer. And, to make everything come out even, the figures listed for ovarian cancer are those that belong to lung and bronchus —5 per cent in the 1940s and 9 per cent ten years later. These corrected figures, which indicate that men and women have comparable trouble surviving this type of cancer, might take a little business away from cigarette manufacturers.

Gordon Greer,
Better Homes and Gardens.

Des Moines, Iowa

Editor's note: *The table is reproduced correctly below:*

Type of Cancer	Relative Survival Rates for Men		Relative Survival Rates for Women	
	1940s	1950s	1940s	1950s
Stomach	9	13	7	12
Large Intestine	28	38	33	44
Esophagus	1	3	5	—
Lung and bronchus	3	6	5	9
Breast	—	—	53	55
Ovary	—	—	26	32

Having just read your defense of Dr. J. J. Gilvarry's article "How the Sky Drove the Land from the Bottom of the Sea," I hasten to send my congratulations for an excellent job. You have shown yourself to be one of the few modern day editors with the courage to defend an editorial judgment against criticism from high sources.

It is unfortunate that the credit for the origination of the hypothesis should be so badly misplaced. The statement that Dr. R. S. Dietz "first propounded" the theory "in scientific literature about four years ago" is not accurate. Without lengthy research, the following articles come to mind:

"Cataclysm and Evolution," by H. H. Nininger, *Popular Astronomy*, Vol. L, No. 5, May, 1942.

"The Geology of the Moon," by Allan O. Kelly, *Popular Astronomy*, Dec., 1947.

"Geological Significance of Meteorites," by H. H. Nininger, *American Journal of Science*, Vol. 246, Feb., 1948.

In 1953 Allan O. Kelly, California geologist, and Dr. Frank Dachille, [now a research associate on the faculty of] Pennsylvania State College, published a

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book entitled "Target: Earth" in which they spelled out not only the basic hypothesis of collision geology but cited a wealth of observational evidence to support their hypothesis.

GLENN I. HUSS,
Director,
American Meteorite Laboratory.
Denver, Colo.

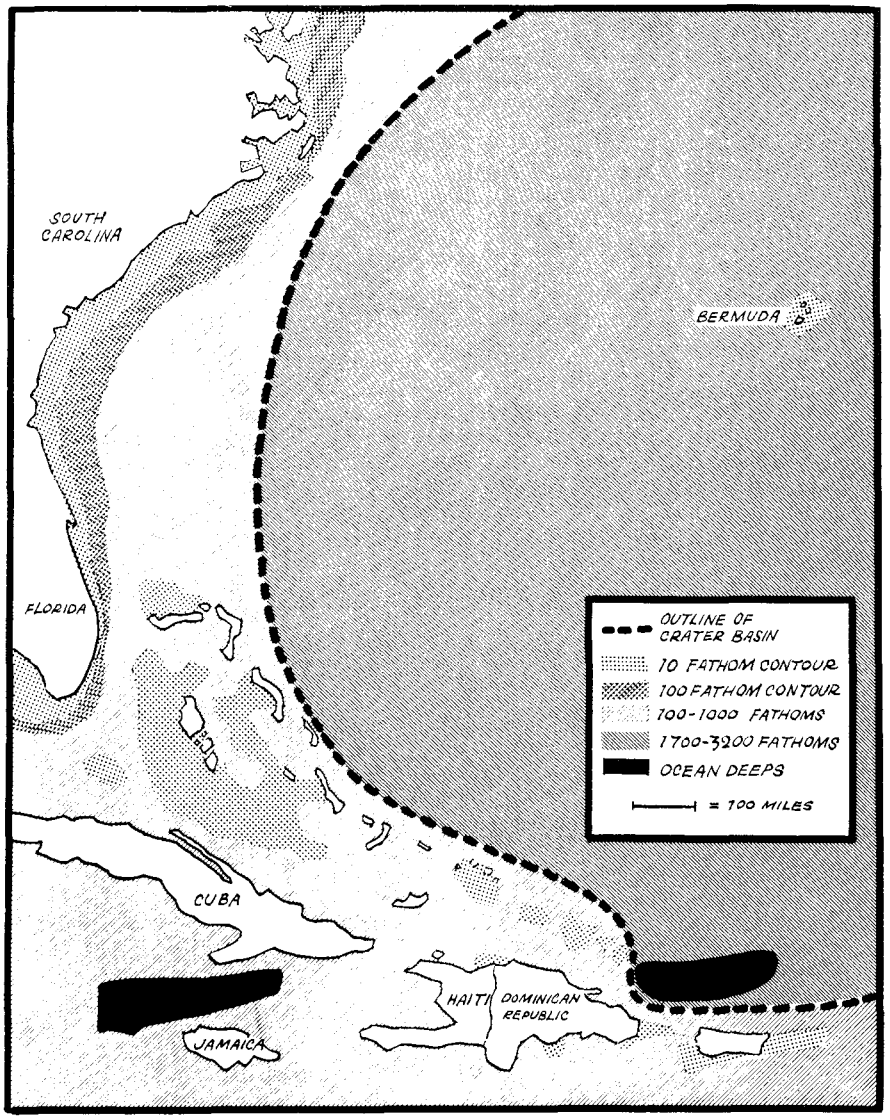
EDITOR'S NOTE: *Dr. Harvey H. Nininger has no close competitor for the title of Dean of Meteoritics. Few men can date the opening of their careers as precisely as he does. At 8:57 o'clock on the evening of 9 November 1923 he saw a bright meteorite crossing the sky above McPherson, Kansas, where he was then teaching biology at McPherson College. Immediately he resolved to discover the fragments which he knew would be left by the burning body, and set down compass readings as a guide. He never finished the quest, but did find the remains of two other meteorites theretofore unknown to science. The location of these two objects only twelve miles apart suggested to him that meteorites must be striking the earth much more often than anyone before him had believed. In his mind, this seemed an important missing chapter in the story of earth and of man. So excited was he by the implications that he took to the Smithsonian Institution a proposal that small rewards be paid to people who found meteorites. When the Smithsonian rejected the idea as too great an extravagance, Dr. Nininger organized the search on his own and has never abandoned it.*

The first of Dr. Nininger's early papers, listed in the letter above, was inspired by the close approach of the planetoid Hermes to the earth five years before. In this article, Dr. Nininger described some of the catastrophic results which would have followed collision of Hermes with the earth. He reasoned in part from the supposition that smaller meteorites had created the craters on the moon—an idea not new with him; it had been advanced many years before by the German astronomer, Franz von Gruithuisen. Extrapolating from the lunar craters to the effects which would be created by a crashing asteroid, Dr. Nininger suggested the probability of extensive changes in coast lines, climatic catastrophe, and perhaps even a shifting of the poles.

Independently of Dr. Nininger's work, Allan O. Kelly, a California geologist, wrote an article on "The Geology of the Moon" for the December 1947 issue of Popular Astronomy. *In it, he paralleled Dr. Nininger's line of thought and extended it to include the possibility of formation of ocean basins by meteorite impact.*

Later, Kelly wrote a 250-page book about what he had come to call "collision geology." He was unable to interest any of the book publishing houses in this work. But an industrial chemist in Florida, Frank Dachille, heard of Kelly's efforts and offered to contribute his skills toward completion of a marketable manuscript. Unfortunately for them, a psychoanalyst named Immanuel Velikovsky had only a short time before sold to Macmillan a book called "Worlds in Collision." This volume had suggested what amounted to a war between the planets, in which the planets moved out of their orbits and back again. The scientific community was outraged by Velikovsky's departure from traditional science and pressured Macmillan into abandoning the book. Although the work of Kelly and Dachille had a far more conservative perspective than Velikovsky's speculations, no publisher was willing to risk involvement with them. The two men consequently published the book themselves in a small print shop under the title, "Target: Earth."

Contrary to Dr. J. J. Gilvarry, who believes the ocean basins have remained where they were formed originally, the Kelly-Dachille thesis is that earth has been wobbled about by meteorites from time to time, shifting the axis slightly (magnetism in the rocks confirms that the poles have roved) and at the same time moving the equatorial bulge (which, being caused by the centrifugal force of the planet's spin, must adjust itself to the position of the poles), thereby burying some mountaintops under water while thrusting some former ocean bottoms above sea level (an exchange that is generally accepted by geologists, who have no traditional way of explaining it). The hypothesis throws open an old question: How plastic is earth?



IS SOUTH CAROLINA SECEDING AGAIN? This time seceding from geology? Conservative scientists may fear so. For the Academy of Sciences of that famous old fighting state late in April invited Dr. Frank Dachille to enlighten the Academy's membership on the subject of "collision geology," the science of calculating effects of meteorite hits on earth. Artist Doug Anderson's sketch above is an adaptation of U. S. Navy Chart No. 0526, which Dr. Dachille and California geologist Allan Kelly used years ago to dramatize the idea that Bermuda may be analogous to the central peaks seen in photographs of craters on the moon. The walls of the Bermuda crater (if crater it be) are three times as high as the Grand Canyon of the Colorado is deep.

As it has in past politics, South Carolina now may be crystallizing scientific opinion in the South. For the South is undergoing profound transformations in preparation for the American expedition to the moon. Enormous new installations are rising from Florida through Mississippi to Southern California. Man will leave his home planet from there, and will look back with different eyes, which may see enormous craters so worn with age as to be indistinguishable close-up.

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Letters

Continued from page 15

their properties and run their trains anyway, it is better to carry freight and passengers at whatever prices may be necessary to attract the traffic, rather than lose it to other forms of transportation. For many years their passenger business has been the source of large deficits, partly for promotional reasons and partly by custom; and more recently much of their freight is carried at a loss. . . .

The only possibility of curing this situation under present circumstances would be the adoption of effective legislation forbidding competitive rate-cutting by carriers below the cost of efficiently conducted operations.

C. E. CHILDE,
Former Member, Federal Transportation Board of Investigation and Research.
Cambridge, Md.

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I PROPOSE A campaign of placing individual "statements of belief" in the classified sections of our local newspapers. Such an ad might read as follows:

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A series of such statements, appearing over the course of several weeks in local papers, would have a cumulative effect upon people's assumptions of how their fellow citizens feel about our current relations with Russia. Each of us who is not afraid to take such a public stand could insert a statement without even the need to coordinate his efforts with others, thus making this a campaign of genuinely individual action.

Briefly, this proposal is based on the idea that "public opinion" is really an atmosphere of expectations rather than a head-count, and may be influenced more by examples of how others really feel than by attempts to persuade the reader to adopt certain opinions.

If the tensions of the Cold War are to be reduced, I suggest that we must begin with public opinion—for it is basically this which has kept adding fuel to the runaway arms race.

There is no guarantee that we will ever learn how effective such action has been, but this campaign may be quite effective in countering the natural tendency of people to seek consensus, when in fact it may exist only as a self-fulfilling prophecy.

NORMAN W. STORER,
Harvard University.
Cambridge, Mass.

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"SUMMER OPPORTUNITIES FOR TEENAGERS" details thousands of fascinating ideas and activities for a really worthwhile, interesting, and useful summer. Includes jobs; part-time work; study awards; travel, sports, foreign, special interest camps; etc. Summer programs are filled early—don't miss out. Regular price $3.00—now only $2.50. Limited supply. Teenage Institute, 173 North 9th Street, Brooklyn 11, N.Y. (Add 25¢ regular mail, add 50¢ first class.)

SPLENDID ALBRECHT DURER PRINT, "Flight into Egypt"; authentic, circa 1495. Will negotiate with interested buyer. Box X-328.

LAKE ONTARIO TO CONNECTICUT via Nova Scotia and Caribbean, 36' yawl. Need crew/tutor 11 months. $20 week and found. Box X-260.

EXPERIENCED MOTHER'S HELPER would love European summer. GRamercy 7-4217 NYC, Box W-959.

LITERARY RESEARCH, editing of papers, manuscripts, galleys. Travel. Box X-292.

CHILDREN'S FRENCH LESSONS—Individual, group tutoring. RHinelander 4-8505 NYC.

LYRICIST WANTED—Professional, collaborate pop composer, song basis. Box X-229.

BRITISH UNDERGRADUATE, experienced tutor, seeks post with U.S. family for July or longer. Roger Ordish, 178 London Road, St. Albans, Herts, England.

LIBRARIAN AVAILABLE September 1962. Private, secondary, nursing, or junior colleges. Box X-222.

MATURE WOMAN, good disposition and character, seeks interesting position, travel with cosmopolitan woman. Box X-364.

MY LYRICS, your music. Pop, serious, religious, librettos. Have you publication contacts? Box X-318.

WANTED: Summer jobs for two lovely, talented high school English teachers. Anything challenging and well-paying preferred. Hurry! Can afford only one ad. Box X-326.

(Continued on page 48)

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PERSONALS

(Continued from page 47)

WANTED: Day camp for boy, girl Great Barrington-Stockbridge, Massachusetts. Box X-339.

COLLEGE PREPARATORY TUTORING in rural home. Foreign languages, mathematics, sciences, literature, work skills. Live with family while attending excellent accredited high school. Phil Pharm, Bucyrus, Kansas.

FEMALE, M.A. in Communications, radio and television experience, typist, desires permanent job with travel. Box X-313.

MALE, 27, choreographer, teacher, actor. Would like interesting situation for month of August. Moderate salary desired. Box X-359.

EDITORIAL ASSOCIATE, writer, well versed in public relations, radio, advertising promotion available. Wide experience here and abroad. Personable, versatile. Box X-311.

B.A. FRENCH, 26, desires to tutor French Northeast, summer. Box X-320.

PRE-MED, SINGLE, seeking summer employment. Anything lucrative. Travel U.S., abroad. Box X-341.

THE NEW FRONTIER IS WITHIN! Task of the age: Reuniting science, art, religion. Goethe is the key. Rudolf Steiner clarified, deepened Goethe's outlook. Second Summer Conference, Berkshires, will unite people all walks of life feeling inward need to deepen understanding, develop healing deeds. Spirit of community in freedom. Nothing to join. We are seeking kindred souls! Information write: Rudolf Steiner Exhibitions, 25 Pershing Road, Englewood, N.J.

JUNE GIRL GRADUATE seeks lucrative career anywhere. Typing and light guitar. Backstage theatrical interests. Box 754, Elmira College, Elmira, New York.

YALE STUDENT desires summer job—especially photography. Box X-321.

ENGLISH GIRL, 22, Cambridge graduate, teaching experience, seeks summer position: family? travel? Box X-357.

COMMUNITY OPERA, INC. offers summer season to town or organization willing to sponsor. 40 East 81st Street, New York 28.

MEXICO CITY summer session—Liberal Arts. Bulletin: Blake College, Santee, California.

MUNICH, GERMANY, position desired by experienced administrative assistant/administrative secretary. Engineering, legal, secretarial teaching background. Woman, 29. Box X-332.

PSYCHOLOGIST wih terriers needs partner. Apartment. Nice kennels. Box X-356.

YOUNG MAN: will be ex-marine in September. Serious, very well read, desires position traveling abroad. Salary no object. Box X-334.

FEMALE TEACHER, 32, Los Angeles, desires summer position as governess for travel. Box X-323.

FRENCH GIRL, Ph.D. candidate, wishes spend August tutoring in family. Box X-330.

ATTRACTIVE AMERICAN FEMALE, 23, B.A. Speaks Spanish and French, versatile background, business experience, seeks challenging position, home or abroad. Box X-316.

EMPLOYMENT OPPORTUNITIES

SOCIAL CASEWORKER for Episcopal child care agency in Philadelphia area providing foster care for children and unmarried pregnant girls. Psychiatric consultation available. Good personnel policies. Salary in accordance with experience. Box X-291.

WANTED by major publishing house NYC: A man with ideas for Books for Juniors—tots through teens. We have an excellent line but want new blood, new methods of merchandising—of increasing sales in areas not yet reached. This job is for an ambitious, intelligent man with enough experience to know what he's talking about—but not so much experience that he can't think of new and different approaches to old problems. Send resume in confidence stating last salary. Salary generous for the right man. Box X-367.

HOUSES AVAILABLE

For Sale

CENTRAL VERMONT—Retirement homes, farms, camps, acreage. Free list. W. S. Gilman, Broker, Chelsea, Vermont.

KITTERY POINT, MAINE. 1798 Colonial. Shorefront 2 acres landscaped. 10 rooms, 2 baths, suitable one or two families, possible rental income. Hand-hewn beams, paneling, fireplaces. New plaster, plumbing, heating, wiring. 2 screened porches, garages, patio. Box X-114.

VERMONT COUNTRY PLACES; Building Sites; Investment Acreage; Business Opportunities. Ray Holway, Realtor, Gryphon Building, Rutland, Vermont.

WILTON, CONNECTICUT. Enchanting woodland house. 3 bedrooms, 2 baths, terrace. Mile from station. $25,000. Write: 10-D, 230 East 50th, NYC.

VERMONT'S NORTHEAST KINGDOM. Tree farmers offer incidentally acquired houses, surveyed lots with views, some with lake access, $100 per acre and up; timber tracts for recreation and investment 10-1,000 acres, $10 per acre and up. For brochure write Box W-139.

NEEDLE IN THE HAYSTACK! Little red salt box of 1750 restored to charming year round home. Wide floor boards, old glass, hand wrought hardware. Large studio above attached double garage. Beautiful 2½ acres of ancient maples and pines. $36,000. The Kramer Agency, Great Barrington, Massachusetts.

PRINCETON, NEW JERSEY, AREA: No down payment and superb low-cost living. Charming 7 room, early American, in tree-shaded seclusion. A $1,500 conversion could bring income sufficient to cover monthly payments of $165. Box X-346.

CHAUTAUQUA, N.Y., AREA: Living room with fireplace, formal dining room, paneled den with fireplace, library, wall/wall carpet, built-in kitchen, utility room with washer, dryer; basement, oil heat; 5 bedrooms, 2 baths, terrace. Secluded. $31,500. Box X-342.

UNUSUAL VIEWS, modernized stone, asbestos shingle, all improvements, year round home. Living room, dining room, study, 3 bedrooms, 2 baths, separate bedroom and bath off kitchen, additional powder room. Two floors well insulated, 2-car stone garage and barn. About 17 acres—excellent landscaping, 700 feet elevation. Less than 90 minutes from UN. Immediate occupancy furnished or unfurnished. Benjamin, TN 7-6670 NYC, 9-5 weekdays. Box X-335.

VERMONT COUNTRY HOME carefully restored, winterized, near college, lakes. $20,000 with all utilities. Box 230, Montpelier.

16 ROOM HOUSE. Southern Adirondack resort, near Saratoga, N.Y. By appointment. $40,000. Box X-356.

SOUTHWESTERN NOVA SCOTIA. Extensive woodland, tidal shore, 7 rooms and bath, secluded, accessible. $2,500. Box X-329.

CONNECTICUT—2 hours Manhattan. 200 years old, fully remodeled. Secluded, 15 acres. 3 fireplaces, 3 bedrooms, 3½ baths. $43,000. Plaza 9-8342 NYC mornings.

For Sale—Furnished

FAMOUS LANDMARK — Gallery-on-the-Moors, magnificent, year-round studio home, furnished. Cape Ann, Massachusetts. Sale, rent. Umberto Romano, 162 East 83rd, NYC. BUtterfield 8-9621.

HAVE YOU A SUMMER PROBLEM? Roomy house furnished, bargain. Community ideal for families with children, has organized play group; house is five minutes through woodland trails to Club golf, tennis, lake, pool, theatre. Also has studio acoustically perfect for music or children's rainy days. Marvelous view, 2,500 feet, 2½ hours from New York. Box X-184.

For Rent—Unfurnished

CANAAN, CONNECTICUT. Exquisite, small, country house for fastidious individual or couple. Delightful setting, Berkshire Hills. Old exterior, new interior. 5 rooms, 2 bedrooms, 2 baths. Hot water heat. Modern kitchen, barn-garage. RHinelander 4-1151 NYC. Weekends TAylor 4-7823, Canaan, or Box X-340.

HOUSES AVAILABLE

For Summer Rental

CAPE COD COTTAGES. Seasonal to bimonthly. $300-$800 monthly. Covering several seashore towns. Nauset Summer Rental Center, Orleans, Massachusetts. Phone 552.

SANDY POND LODGE. Hope Valley, R.I. Furnished country cabins. Reasonable.

MAINE. Waterfront Cape Codder, furnished. 4 bedrooms, 1½ baths, electric kitchen, fireplace, sandy beach. July or August $350, September $250. Box X-207.

NANTUCKET. Escape to this historic island retreat. Neighboring the fabled whale-oil mansions and quaint shops of Main Street, and next door to astronomer Maria Mitchell's birthplace, is Chadwick House—restored 18th Century Townhouse offering three gracious apartments and cottage-for-two at rear. Caretaker-manicured lawns, period furnishings, fully-equipped, private entrances. By week, month, season. Nantucket realtors or Box X-296.

DUTCHESS COUNTY, N.Y.—Private lake, swimming, fishing, 65 acres pine forest, 1750 house. Fully furnished, linens. 8 rooms. Completely modern kitchen, dishwasher. Fireplace, Steinway, Hi-Fi, organ, caretaker, cabin in woods. 2 hours New York. 1 hour Tanglewood. Privacy with accessibility. July 1st to August 23rd, $950. Box X-300.

NORTHERN VERMONT lakeshore cottage. 4 bedrooms, fireplace. July, August, $550 plus utilities. Box X-240.

NOVA SCOTIA—Overlooking Bay of Fundy, 6 rooms, 1½ baths. Weekly or season. Box X-279.

SALT WATER COTTAGE by month. Sleeps three. July $270. Ruth Maynard, Hancock, Maine.

RESPONSIBLE TWOSOME wanted for charming furnished house, mountain area. Cathedral-balcony living room, swimming pool, 160 secluded acres, brook. 2 hours Manhattan. $750 season. Wallkill, N. Y. TW 5-1623.

COLD SPRING HARBOR, L.I. Unusually charming 3 bedroom, library, Colonial. Two acres. Beach rights. $1,850 season. Box X-287.

2 MODERN HOUSEKEEPING COTTAGES on 90 wooded hillside acres. $450-$900 season. Excellent swimming. Box 54, Hackettstown, N.J.

WOODSTOCK, VERMONT. High in mountains, superb views. Writer's charming home. Reasonable season rental careful tenants. References. Box X-348.

ULSTER COUNTY, near Woodstock. Two furnished bungalows—equipped kitchens, fireplaces, beautiful view, elbow room, privacy, ideal for children and/or poets. Long season reasonable. Box X-309.

IN 140 ACRES New Hampshire woodland. 18th century restored farmhouse, 4 bedrooms, 1½ baths, lake, boat, hills; from July 21st. Sirkin, 6525 Wiscasset, Washington 16, D.C.

HEMPSTEAD, L.I. July-August $350. Play house. Horseback riding, tennis, 15 minutes Jones Beach. IVanhoe 3-7638.

NANTUCKET ISLAND—'Sconset cottage. $1,000 season—July $550, $650 August through Labor Day. Sleeps six. 1½ baths. Box X-331.

4 BEDROOM LAKE HOME, 40 minutes downtown Detroit. Adults seeking, maintaining quiet. 5 months, $1,500. Box 35, Orchard Lake, Michigan, 682-1294.

TRURO, CAPE COD. Charming 2 bedroom, modern cottage. August $500. Box X-352.

WILLIAMSVILLE, VERMONT: Converted farm home, completely furnished, sleeps eight. $600 season. Box X-355.

SUDDEN CHANGE of plans offers attractive, well-appointed house, 5 bedrooms, 5 baths, dock, Lyman boat. Upper Saranac Lake, N.Y. June 15th-September 10th—$2,500. REgent 4-3309 NYC.

LARGE DE LUXE CABIN, beautiful Gull Lake, Brainerd, Minnesota. 2, 3, 4 weeks, $140 per. Minneapolis, WAlnut 2-4295.

NYC OR PHILADELPHIA, 50 miles; Princeton, 17. Furnished, 3 bedrooms, 2½ baths, tile kitchen, washer, dryer, dishwasher, swimming pool. 14 acres. Season $750. Box X-308.

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HOUSES TO SHARE

WIDOW owning small country home, contemplating retirement, consider congenial similar (possibly couple), share. Upstate New York. Box X-358.

HOUSES FOR EXCHANGE

MEMBERS EXCHANGE HOMES for rent-free vacations. Write: Vacation Exchange Clubs, 554 Fifth Avenue, New York 36.

APARTMENTS FOR RENT

Furnished

MANHATTAN—HUDSON VIEW. Tastefully furnished. Large 2½ rooms, available early June 1962 to September 1963, or shorter, $190 monthly, SUsquehanna 7-5730, Box X-220.

Unfurnished

BACHELOR BUILDING efficiency apartment, October occupancy. Southern Dutchess County. $100 with garage. Single male preferred. Box 122, Stormville, N.Y.

PROPERTY FOR SALE

WHERE THE PEOPLE LIVE LONGER than 'most anywhere else. Up here in Vermont a man may have his best years from 50 to 75, for his mental purpose and vigor remain at their best. It is a good time to acquire one of our well chosen properties for investment, a family vacation home, or for eventual retirement. Mountain views and mountain air that bid a man get out and fish, boat or swim in the lake at his door . . . or take off for some of Vermont's famous ski slopes. Just a fifteen minute walk away are stores, schools, churches, library and an inn. John H. Macleod, Wallingford, Vermont.

DARIEN, CONNECTICUT, VICINITY. Unique small home nestles into hillside on exquisitely landscaped 3.7 acres. Three minutes from private beach, boat mooring, tennis courts. Spacious living room, large master bedroom, den-dining room, modern kitchen. Unfinished upstairs for expansion. Breezeway, patio. Two car garage. Owner. Box X-368.

TO EVERYONE . . . who wants a home in the woods . . . who loves serenity . . . who loves unspoiled country . . . who hates billboards, big cities and neon signs, The Green Mountains of Vermont are one of the few remaining retreats available to you. Write in detail about your requirements to Potentials, Manchester Center, Vermont.

BUSINESS OPPORTUNITIES

$25,000 SMALL WHOLESALE—RETAIL Southwestern couturier dressmaking, established following; workshop, showroom, living quarters on lease $75 month. 1919 Old Town Road #2, Albuquerque, New Mexico.

CAMPS

COOPERATIVE LIVING: Conservation training in California primitive area. Boys-Girls, 10-16. Counselors training program. Camp Unalayee, 180 University, Palo Alto, California.

MAINE SAILING SCHOOL—summer camp. Coed, ages 11-17, on Penobscot Bay. Roy Hilburn, Box 174, Lakeport, California, or ENdicott 2-6518 NYC.

ADIRONDACK WOODCRAFT CAMPS, 37th year. Boys 7-18. 5 age groups. Near Old Forge. William Abbott, Box 2385, Fayetteville, New York.

IDEAL FOR FIRST TIME CAMPERS: Appel Farm Art & Music Center for Children 6 to 17, unique combination of family life, music, arts, fun. Professional instructors. Inquire, visit, reserve now. Appel Farm, Elmer, New Jersey.

MAINE BOYS CAMP—Fifteenth season. Sports, sailing, unexcelled fishing. Rustic setting, modern conveniences. Tuition $500. Brochure. Camp Dry Kye, Ellsworth Falls, Maine.

FARRAGUT NAVAL CAMPS. Summer of adventure: boys 9-16 inclusive. Trips: 63-ft. flagship, 42 land, water activities. Approved summer school. Catalogue. Farragut Camps, Box SRC, Toms River, New Jersey.

MILLHOLLOW: Unique appointments, charming location near Cooperstown, N.Y. Boys 10-14. French, Music, Art, Crafts, outdoor activities. Inquire Kenneth G. Stowell, East Hampton, Long Island, N.Y.

"YES, BUD, there is a rugged camp: Saltash Mountain, on a wilderness lake in Vermont." No bells, no "classes." Primitive camping for 30 boys, 11-15, in search of real challenge. Axmanship, construction, forestry, natural science, canoe trips. Kenneth S. Webb, Woodstock, Vermont.

CAMPS

BACK LOG CAMP, Sabael, N.Y., 126 acre wooded tract on Indian Lake, Adirondacks, managed for 67 years by three generations of a Quaker family, attracts those who love the unspoiled wilderness. It has kept at bay the encroaching roads and its only access is by launch or on foot. Without electricity, outboards or radio (yet with a telephone), the camp derives from the lake and forest the joys and activities proper to the wilderness. Campers live in roomy tents, with good beds and firm wood floors. Home-style meals in an open pavilion. June 29th-September 4th. $70 weekly, all inclusive. Reductions for families. Brochure. Mrs. H. J. Cadbury, Haverford, Pennsylvania.

VACATIONS

PELICAN COVE—Florida Keys. Immaculate oceanside apartments, beach, swimming, fishing, skindiving, shelling, birdwatching, tennis, loafing. Literate, congenial company on balmy tropical isle. Tom and Carolyn Brown, Islamorada.

HOLIDAY HOME EXCHANGE BUREAU will arrange between reputable approved people. Write Box 555, Grants, New Mexico.

OUT OF ORDER. There's one thing you'll be delighted to find doesn't work here. You. Chalfonte-Haddon Hall on the Boardwalk, Atlantic City, N.J. If you live within 400 miles of our hotel, call 609-344-5131 collect for reservations.

THESE FRAGILE THINGS . . . the wind nor'west, the air of radiant clarity, a delight in breathing, a pervasive, subtle exhilaration, an awareness of being alive. . . . The Island Inn, Box J, Monhegan Island, Maine. Open June 25th.

THE FALES, WILLIAMSTOWN, MASSACHUSETTS. Quiet, peaceful, beautiful. Cottages. Excellent food.

AKERMAN HOUSE. Newfound Lake. Real hospitality in a country setting. Near sandy bathing beaches. Ideal for families. Some rooms with bath. Reasonable rates include three delicious meals daily. Bristol, New Hampshire. Telephone 4-5734.

FORTYISH OR MORE? Exquisite loafing in beautiful Pocono Mountains. Private lake, swimming pool, varied activities, wonderful cuisine. 72nd season. Color brochure S. The Woodside, Cresco, Pennsylvania.

LAKE SHORE FARM—Informal family vacations, erudite clientele, children's haven. Northwood Narrows, N.H.

WISTFUL THINKING . . . I'll quit my job and write a novel, I'll run against Rockefeller . . . I'll live to see a tax reduction . . . I'll spend my vacation at Gurney's Inn. Nine acres of lush woodlands "on the brink o' the beach." Luxurious hostelry and private oceanside cottages . . . ambrosial food . . . gracious hospitality. Could you wist for more? Gurney's Inn, Montauk, L.I., MOntauk 8-2345. Write Dept. S-7 for Brochure.

THE CLIFF HOUSE AND MOTEL, Bald Head Cliff, Ogunquit 5, Maine. Swimming pool. Quiet, informal. Cocktail lounge. Social and sports activities. Reasonable with or without meals. Brochure. Maurice Weare, Manager.

LAMKIN LAKE, Michigan Shore Resort. Distinctive charm, superb meals. Good Hart, Michigan.

CREATIVE PEOPLE, NATURE LOVERS: Find peace, quiet, summer-fall beauty, charming old-world home, individualized cooking. "House on the Hill," Worcester, N.Y.

SPEND YOUR VACATION at Pendleton's cottages on Islesboro, "Maine's Vacation Island." Swim, sail, fish, dig clams, hunt driftwood or just relax. Write for brochure. Mrs. Lloyd T. Pendleton, Islesboro, Maine.

HONEYMOON? OUT-ISLAND BAHAMAS housekeeping cottages secluded in lush foliage with private beach. $100 weekly including use of sailboat and car. Box X-241.

NORTHEASTERN MAINE. Camps on lake. Secluded. Fishing. Mrs. Ralph Otis, Quogue, N.Y.

BLUEBERRY HILL! Apple blossoms! Nothing whatever to do. Lucullan food. The Mastertons, Brandon, Vermont.

TUILAUVENT—Maple Road, Brewster, New York. Telephone 9-8106. Only 50 miles from NYC, a beautifully located and secluded country place. Ideal for relaxing weekends and vacation. Comfortable rooms. French cooking. Moderate rates.

VACATIONS

THROUGH YOUR OPEN WINDOW at the Crestmont, view the Lake of the Eagles and listen to the sigh of wind over endless unspoiled mountains. Cordial, friendly people. Directors for tots and teens; lake fishing, boating, swimming, golf, tennis, dancing, theatre and concerts. Write for color folder—Crestmont Inn, 221 Lake Drive, Eagles Mere, Pennsylvania.

LIKE SWIMMING, GOLF, SPORTS, excellent meals? You'll thoroughly enjoy vacationing at this delightful country inn. All sports on our 250 acre estate. Informal social events. $12-$18 day includes meals. Open all year. Recommended by AAA. Color folder, reservations write Edwin Finch, Resident Manager, The Northfield, East Northfield 46, Massachusetts.

INTANGIBLES, REFRESHINGLY MAINE. Art and theatre minded meet at Hillcrest Inn. Brochure. Hilda, Phil Richards, Shore Road, Ogunquit, Maine.

WHITNEYS' . . . Charming Inn off beaten path. Rooms, Cottages, Motel. All seasonal sports. Famous food. AAA. Open Summer and Winter. Folder tells all. Bill & Betty Whitney, Jackson 10, New Hampshire.

CHRISTMAS TREE INN. AAA. Deliberate informality. Lakeside resort with private cottages nestled in pines. Central dining room and lodge. Excellent meals. Sandy beach, good fishing. Open mid-June to mid-September. Bridgton 5, Maine.

EAGLE MOUNTAIN HOUSE, Jackson 16, New Hampshire. Overlooks Wildcat Valley. Square mile estate with golf, swimming pool. All summer sports, social program. Excellent meals. June 29th-October 15th. Color folder.

UP-ISLAND on Martha's Vineyard, you're away from frantic joy-mills, free as a gull. Picturesque harbor to paint, beautiful beaches, tennis, cycling, scholarly retreats. Modern cottages for 2 to 6 guests. New England home cooking at its best. Lower June rates. Menemsha Inn, Menemsha 5, Massachusetts.

SPRING on nearby farms and hotels for families. Call LOrraine 8-0700 NYC.

PICTURE-BOOK VILLAGE off beaten path. Relaxing historic Inn. Small-town events. Pool, 5 acres grounds, brook. Folder. The Tavern, Grafton, Vermont.

GOOSE COVE LODGE on Deer Isle, Maine. In East Penobscot Bay. Sailing, fishing, hiking and picnics. Trained naturalist for nature lovers. An artist's paradise. Write for brochure. Dr. R. A. Waldron, Owner-Manager, P. O. Sunset, Maine.

SNOWBIRD MOUNTAIN LODGE, Robbinsville, N.C. Exotic mountaintop location bordering Great Smokies. Small, secluded, informal. Folder.

NEW ENGLAND HOSPITALITY in modern setting at congenial, complete White Mountain resort. Prize winning chef. The New England Inn, Intervale 9, New Hampshire.

ROAD'S END, Lake Pleasant, Hamilton County, N.Y. Secluded and beautiful, directly on lake. Nature lover's paradise. Open until late autumn. Reasonable. Modern conveniences. Write for booklet.

OGUNQUIT. Famous summer vacation center. Magnificent beach, majestic cliffs, camera fans' dream. Many activities. Artists' colony, summer theatre, deep-sea fishing, golf, movies. Hotels, guest houses, motels, cottages, restaurants. For information write Information Bureau, Ogunquit 15, Maine.

WATERVILLE INN—For nearly a century a resort unchanged in its essential character. In the White Mountain National Forest. Comfortable Inn, golf course, swimming, tennis and miles of pleasant hiking trails along streams and cascades. Folder. Advance reservations requested. Waterville Valley, Campton P.O., New Hampshire.

WORLD-FAMOUS FISHING PORT and vacation area on cool, picturesque Cape Ann. Beaches, fishing, boating. For pictorial, informative folder write City Manager, Gloucester 5, Massachusetts.

COLONIAL CHARM midst wooded Litchfield Hills. Trout stream. Casual, intimate; luscious food. Swimming pool—horses, golf, lake nearby. Country auctions, summer theatre. Lewis & Mary Fisher, Bantam, Connecticut.

WINHALL MOUNTAIN LODGE, an oasis of peace and beauty in the lofty Green Mountains. Charming Alpine chalet. Panoramic view. Delightful informal atmosphere. Superb continental cuisine. Swimming, sports. Brochure. Manchester, Vermont.

(Continued on page 50)

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VACATIONS

(Continued from page 49)

LOAF OR PLAY at picturesque American Plan resort on small lake in famous Rangeley Lakes Region. Write for color brochure. Saddleback Lake Lodge, Rangeley 5, Maine.

HOW CAN YOU TELL what it's really like at Deer Hill Inn, Chester, Vermont, without actually having been there? Ask.

NANTUCKET, fascinating island 30 miles at sea, yet only one hour by air from New York or Boston: Miles of white sand beach, surf bathing (Water averages 72°), golf, sailing, all your favorite sports, varied entertainment. Modern hotels, inns, guest houses. Excellent restaurants. Free illustrated booklet. Information Service, Nantucket 16, Massachusetts.

VERMONT VACATION HOME for Artists and Musicians. Chamber musicians, painters, craftsmen, work, learn, relax among Green Mountains at the Goddard Music and Art Center. Professional staff in strings, piano, recorder (July only), painting, jewelry and ceramics. July 1st to August 26th; $70 weekly; reservations necessary. Write Evalyn S. Bates, Goddard College, Plainfield, Vermont.

ANCIENT MOUNTAINS. Modern accommodations. Superb food. Chiloway Lodge, Roscoe, N.Y.

LIKE THE COUNTRY? Come to Graymont, seven miles from Middlebury College. Write for brochure. R.D. 2, Middlebury, Vermont.

SEASHORE? Colonial Inn. Elevator. Informal. Hotel and Motel. Folder. Ogunquit 5, Maine.

HOTEL PLAYA MAZATLAN, directly on beautiful beach, tropical setting. Excellent international cuisine, best in Mexico. $16.80 double occupancy, American Plan. Mazatlan, Sinaloa, Mexico.

SAN FRANCISCO ON A BUDGET? Charming, centrally located. Hotel Beresford, 635 Sutter Street.

GREEN SHADOWS INN, OLD LYME, Connecticut. Open all year.

THE MANOR in Asheville, North Carolina, welcomes creative people. Pleasing rates, beautiful surroundings.

DAVID'S FOLLY. Country living on Maine Coast. Seafood, garden vegetables, blueberry pies, coffeepot always on stove. Minerva Cutler, Brooksville, Maine.

LA ORILLA, Islamorada, Florida Keys. Villas for lazy living. Quiet, tropical Paradise. Day-Week-Month.

FAMILY VACATION! Aloha Manor, Lake Morey, Fairlee, Vermont. Child sleeps with parents or in camp (2-16 years). Swimming, sports, trips. Free pony riding. Excellent food. Golf nearby. Booklet. Mrs. Harriet Gulick Pierce, Box S, 531 East 20th, New York 10. GRamercy 3-0222.

THE BROOKFIELD CRAFT CENTER. Take a vacation studying handcrafts with nationally-known instructors. Delightful surroundings. Write for free brochure. Brookfield, Connecticut.

ROCKPORT. You will love this photoscenic year 'round New England seacoast town. Sea birds, flowers, the leisurely pace, rockbound coast and clear, crisp air appeal to artists, photographers and vacationers. For free guidebook write: Board of Trade, Rockport 2, Massachusetts.

COSTA BRAVA. English author welcomes guests private villa June, July. Details Langdon-Davies, San-Feliu-de-Guixols, Spain.

LAKE ST. CATHERINE INN, Poultney, Vermont, ATlantic 7-9371. Lakefront dream spot. Great fishing, boating, swimming, tennis, golf. Congenial, informal. Low June Rates, Decoration weekend. American-Jewish Cuisine.

1962 DIRECTORY lists Farms, Ranches, Inns, Lodges, and Country Houses coast to coast and Canada. Fun, friendly, beautiful, inexpensive. Send 50¢ to Farm Vacations, 500 Fifth Avenue, New York, N.Y.

SWITZERLAND OF AMERICA—Enjoy scenic grandeur at Crossroads of White Mountains. Twin Mountain, Bretton Woods, Crawford Notch, Fabyans. For free illustrated folder write Board of Trade, Twin Mountain 12, New Hampshire.

EXCEPTIONAL MEALS at one of New England's foremost resort hotels. Swimming pool, private beach, on beautiful Ogunquit headland. Open June 26th. Color folder. The LOOKOUT, Ogunquit 2, Maine.

VACATIONS

VISITING ENGLAND? Live in comfortable manor house in old-world hamlet. Tour Oxford, Stratford, Cotswolds, etc. by private car with driver-guide. Tours, board and lodging at ALL-INCLUSIVE low rate. Choose for yourself where to go and what to see. For particulars, write Box W-881.

PEACHAM, VERMONT. House of Three Stories, beautiful Colonial village accommodations.

PEMAQUID SEMINAR 6th year: Stimulating and informal vacations for thinking people. Writing, lectures, discussions. For 1962 pamphlet write: Box 386, Damariscotta, Maine.

ENJOY YOUR VACATION with your family at a New England lakeside resort. All facilities. American Plan or housekeeping cottages. Forrest Durkee, Wolfeboro 18, N.H.

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By Doris Nash Wortman

DEFINITIONS

A. Famous Negro who reached the North Pole with Peary and four Eskimos, 1909 (2 wds.).

B. Home town of Elaine, in Arthurian legend, now identified with Guildford, Surrey.

C. Founder of Univ. of Aberdeen, Scotland, who introduced first printing press into the country, 1507.

D. One of the character actor's chief transforming features (2 wds.).

E. Plaster of Paris, esp. as prepared for use in painting.

F. One deprived of natural protections.

G. Conquer by cleverness.

H. Remove bodily; expunge.

I. A kind of small reed organ.

J. When the moment of the hour may be determined by means of TV (3 wds.).

K. Actually nonpareil.

L. Contingent; subordinate; hanging down.

WORDS

143 172 127 137 160 58 49 155 2 79

189 67 167 24 55 34 99

39 123 152 168 82 121 192 85 8 148 36

142 28 181 6 138 190 89

72 103 16 111 19

41 154 31 100 163 20

141 110 149 59 53 87

77 135 186 84 3 195

40 129 50 96 68 21 118 76

56 112 81 38 115 191 69 94 26

62 73 166 91 122 32 14 140

46 124 188 162 29 134 51 107 37

DEFINITIONS

M. Lady whose tomb is perhaps the most beautiful building on earth (2 wds.).

N. Suitable for the young.

O. State of being unconfined, or immoral.

P. Occupy as a place of settled residence.

Q. Second Amer. President to be assassinated.

R. One of the actresses to star in "My Fair Lady".

S. A sort of glorified second-hand emporium, often run for charity (2 wds.).

T. Cloth samples.

U. Most profusely given commodity, acc'g to a maxim of La Rochefoucauld.

V. Small mammal feeding solely on blood, chiefly dangerous as possible transmitter of disease (2 wds.).

W. Minority.

X. Modern methods (2 wds.).

Y. Foreign diplomat called by John Crosby, "a very tough apple indeed".

WORDS

106 5 109 9 27 147 45 63 102 144 70 48

7 13 17 170 88 174 4 33

12 80 139 183 71 145 75 47 105

158 196 60 78 22 66 126

1 150 10 114 93 193 173 90

171 132 157 101 54

35 161 117 182 95 178 179 184 42 18

177 131 169 159 146 128 104 74

185 108 164 120 11 153

194 64 98 175 30 136 61 119 44 57

180 25 187 113 43 83 65

133 165 116 92 176 130 125

52 97 156 151 23 15 86

DIRECTIONS

To solve this puzzle you must guess twenty-odd WORDS, the definitions of which are given in the column headed DEFINITIONS. Alongside each definition, there is a row of dashes—one for each letter in the required word. When you have guessed a word, write it on the dashes, and also write each letter in the correspondingly numbered square of the puzzle diagram. . . When the squares are all filled in, you will find that you have completed a quotation from some published work. If read up and down, the letters in the diagram have no meaning. . . Black squares indicate ends of words; if there is no black square at the right side of the diagram, the word carries over to the next line . . . When all the WORDS are filled in, their initial letters spell the name of the author and the title of the piece from which the quotation has been taken. Of great help to the solver are the acrostic feature and the relative shapes of words in the diagram as they develop. Authority for spellings and definitions is Webster's New International Dictionary, Second Edition.

		1 Q	2 A		3 H	4 N	5 M	6 D		7 N	8 C	9 M	10 Q		11 U	12 O	13 N
14 K	15 Y	16 E		17 N	18 S		19 E	20 F	21 I		22 P	23 Y		24 B	25 W	26 J	
27 M	28 D	29 L	30 V	31 F	32 K	33 N	34 B	35 S	36 C		37 L	38 J	39 C		40 I	41 F	42 S
43 W		44 V	45 M	46 L		47 O	48 M	49 A		50 I	51 L	52 Y	53 G	54 R	55 B	56 J	57 V
58 A		59 G	60 P	61 V	62 K		63 M	64 V	65 W		66 P	67 B		68 I	69 J	70 M	71 O
	72 E	73 K		74 T	75 O	76 I	77 H		78 P		79 A	80 O	81 J	82 C	83 W	84 H	
85 C	86 Y		87 G	88 N	89 D		90 Q	91 K	92 X		93 Q	94 J	95 S	96 I	97 Y	98 V	
99 B	100 F	101 R		102 M	103 E	104 T	105 O		106 M	107 L	108 U		109 M	110 G	111 E	112 J	
113 W		114 Q	115 J	116 X		117 S	118 I	119 V	120 U	121 C	122 K		123 C	124 L	125 X	126 P	
127 A	128 T	129 I	130 X		131 T	132 R	133 X	134 L	135 H	136 V		137 A	138 D	139 O		140 K	141 G
142 D		143 A	144 M	145 O		146 T	147 M	148 C		149 G	150 Q	151 Y	152 C	153 U	154 F		155 A
156 Y		157 R	158 P	159 T	160 A		161 S	162 L	163 F	164 U	165 X	166 K		167 B	168 C	169 T	170 N
	171 R	172 A	173 Q	174 N	–	175 V	176 X	177 T	178 S		179 S	180 W	181 D		182 S	183 O	
184 S	185 U	186 H	187 W	–	188 L	189 B	190 D	191 J		192 C	193 Q	194 V	195 H	196 P			

Solution of last week's Double-Crostic will be found on page 7 of this issue.

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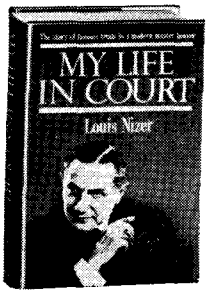

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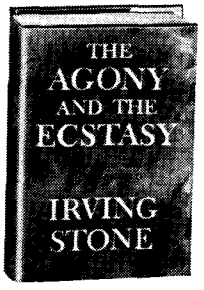

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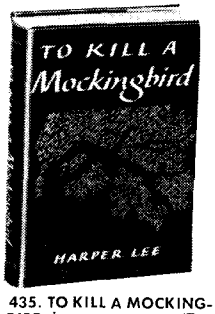

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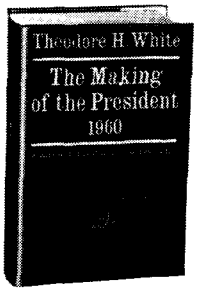

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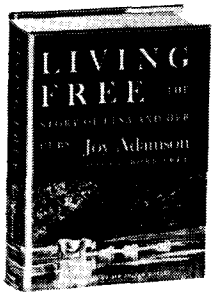

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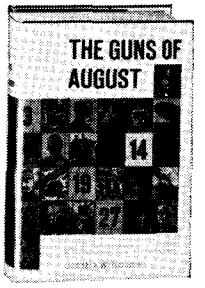

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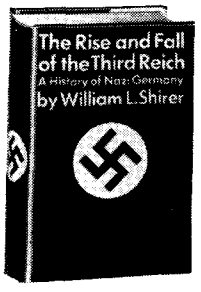

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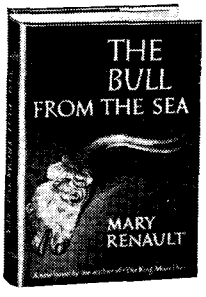

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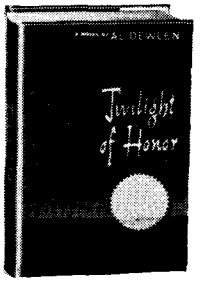

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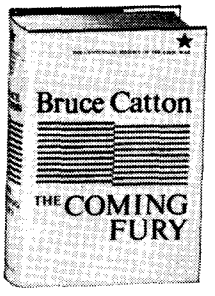

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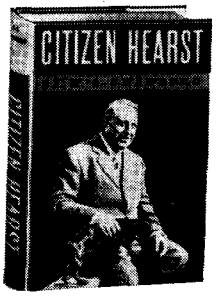

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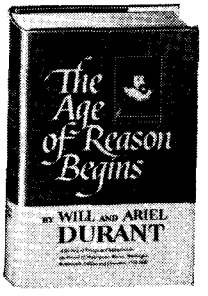

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